



THE LIBRARY OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF  
NORTH CAROLINA  
AT CHAPEL HILL

THE COLLECTION OF  
NORTH CAROLINIANA  
PRESENTED BY

Belle P. Scharnagel

CB  
B985b

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL



00032195892

FOR USE ONLY IN  
THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLECTION

---

---

THIS TITLE HAS BEEN MICROFILMED







# THE STORY OF MY LIFE

BY

JOHN R. PHILLIPS

B  
0856

The Library  
of the  
University of North Carolina



Collection of North Caroliniana

This book was presented

by

Mrs. Belle P. Scharnack

CB  
B985b



1000





J. R. PHILLIPS



## INTRODUCTION

After earnest solicitation I have prevailed on my father to write out some of the events of his romantic and eventful career. One main omission I see in his sketch is that he has nowhere mentioned the many deeds of loving kindness he has shown to the needy and numerous gifts to the church and to every deserving person or object that came to his notice, and they have been many. In his humility he follows the injunction "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth". In the pioneer days of Marion county he acted as physician, dentist, arbitrator of disputes, and business and spiritual adviser. His time, patience, and power have seemed to be unlimited. A keen sense of humor and ability to tell and enjoy a joke have made him friends and made his companionship delightful.

His immense energy and dynamic force have manifested themselves, not only in a material way, but more than all in a religious devotion and application of the teachings of the Bible. He read to and with his children and encouraged us to memorize verses and chapters from the sacred volume. He taught us to sing. How well I remember the family group sitting by the fire. My father in the center leading and beating time to the music, every child imitating in tone and gesture. My mother, even then, was generally busy and would sing her songs while cooking, washing, ironing or mending. I have never heard sweeter music than her low tones on "Come, come, come, to the Savior," O love divine how sweet thou art," and other old songs of Zion. Our attendance at religious service was just as regular as the Lord's Day came with every extra opportunity the time and locality afforded. After all these years and as they grew old their lives prove that "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more into the perfect day."

“Blessed is the man that walketh not in the council of the ungodly nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful but his delight is in the law of the Lord and in His law doth he meditate day and night. He shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf also shall not wither and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.”

I could not find a passage anywhere that in every word, phrase, and sentence more aptly describes my Father's life than the first Psalm. As the years have passed he has grown from grace and his saintliness and Christliness have ever increased. His life is and always will be an inspiration and benediction to us, his children.

MRS BELLE PHILLIPS SCHARNAGEL.

Tuscaloosa, Alabama, July 26, 1923.

# MY LIFE STORY

By J. R. Phillips

The subject of this sketch was born on the 18th of October, 1837, in Jonesville, Surrey Co., North Carolina. My father's name was John Spencer Phillips, a son of Phillip Phillips and Susannah Spencer. Phillip Phillips was one of five brothers and five sisters who emigrated from Scotland and settled in New Jersey. My father was born in 1810 and died in 1844. He was afflicted when a boy with rheumatism and white swelling which caused a stiffening in the joint of his right leg. He could not straighten this limb, and had to walk on crutches. His parents bound him as an apprentice and he learned the tailor's trade. My father's father died before my remembrance, but I well remember his mother.

My mother, Susan Hastings Roberts, was born in 1818, and died at my home in Alabama in 1882. She had been blind five years. My mother's parents were John Roberts and Nancy Cockerhan. John Roberts was the youngest of sixteen children. His father was Olive Branch Roberts a veteran of the Revolutionary war. Grand mother Roberts lived to be over a hundred years old, and stayed alone in her own house after the death of Grandfather.

Aunt Jennie Roberts, sister of Olive, acted as a scout for Francis Marion during the Revolutionary war. Women often assisted the patriots as scouts, riding wild horses which they took up when needed. Aunt Jennie swam Yadkin River to carry a message, hidden on her person. She was crippled in the service. I might have been a Secessionist but for Aunt Jennie's influence. She told me so much of the hardships and privations of our forefathers to gain American independence.

I was about seven years old when my father died, leaving Mother the full burden of bringing up a family

of small children. She taught us habits of industry, thrift and morality. A few books she gave me, besides the Bible, which she taught us daily. One book was "The Discontented Squirrel", another was "Thomas and Harry" and another was "Thrifty and Unthrifty". In each of these virtue was rewarded and vice punished. She encouraged me to hear certain cases tried at court at Rockford, the county seat of Surrey Co. One trial was that of a prominent singing master, named Todd, who was convicted of passing counterfeit money. Grandfather got some of it. Todd was whipped thirty nine lashes; he hollowed each time the lash struck: "O Lord! O Lord!" One old man kicked at the sheriff when he was whipped. I saw a woman named Elisabeth Pig, tried for child murder. John A. Gilmore, Attorney, cleared her. At court whiskey and brandy were sitting around in buckets. These things made a lasting impression on me. Father's people would drink no whiskey, nor sell negroes. They were too conscientious to trade in these things. Mother's people would do both.

When Father died, Mother turned me over to a trusty negro who taught me to work. His name was Gabe. I loved him. He was a good religious negro and wanted me to do right. I would work with him through the day and many nights we would 'possum hunt. He slept in the kitchen and would skin his game at night. I would enjoy watching him. Often I would get sleepy and crawl up in his bed and sleep there all night. Mother would laugh at me for sleeping with Gabe. Mother sold out and moved to Fannin Co., Georgia, when I was about fifteen years old. I never went to school any more.

I was the oldest of five children, by my mother's first husband. Thomas, the next oldest, fell off of a log, where he and I were playing, while we were on a visit to Uncle Ambrose Roberts, Mother's brother. This resulted in his death. The next older was a girl,



Sister Ann. She married Dolph Grey. They moved to the Cherokee Nation, near Tahlequah, Indian Territory. Here they reared a large family, and are still living there. Mother's youngest child was a boy, his name was Spencer. He died in infancy. The one younger than Sister Ann was named Micagah. He was Mother's pet. He was a mighty good boy. There was no mischief or foolishness about him, while I was considered a mean, mischievous chap, who delighted in worrying good boys, mostly because they would not engage with me in mischief. I am inclined to think that at times he had a grudge at me yet in remembrance of the treatment I gave him in our boyhood days. I remember on one occasion my mother would spend the night with her mother, during her last illness, a distance of three miles. He wanted to go with her. On one occasion I went with her to the gate where the road led out of the field, to open the gate for her as she was on horseback. He followed along crying and said he was going too, and refused to go back with me. Mother told me to take him back with me if I had to drag him back, as that was no place for children. I had to throw him down and hold him until she was gone. He was in such a passion that he tried to curse and swear but did not make much success as we had never been associated with that class. I had to drag him most of the way back. He married into a prominent family in North Carolina, who were distantly related to the Cherokee Indians. Soon after his marriage he moved to Indian Territory and got possession of a large tract of that fertile land. He reared and educated a large family of children. He gained considerable wealth in the agricultural and stock raising business. During the days of the oil boom, they all accumulated fortunes. They are still in that country.

About this time Mother married the second time. She had two girls by her second marriage. The oldest, Cenora, moved to Oklahoma and died there. The

youngest one, Sarah, still lives in North Carolina. I was obedient to her husband, and we got along all right for a long time until he imposed on me, I thought, and we did not get on well at all after that. I ought to state that Grandfather Roberts gave me a nice little silver mounted rifle when we left North Carolina. Mother was fearful that there would be serious trouble between us and told me that I could go out and work for myself. She was one of the best women, I thought, in the world. I never remember seeing her in an angry humor, nor heard her speak an unkind word of any one. She gave me an interest in a small piece of land and I went to work and built me a log house and lived the life of a bachelor. I set out an orchard and went to farming. I cannot remember my exact age at that time but was a little over sixteen, I think. Those lonesome nights and wet days I spent my time in reading and learning to play on a fiddle I had bought. I had a real good time. When I built my log cabin I procured a large auger, bored the holes, at the proper distance apart, in the logs of the house, got a piece of timber and made bed posts, bored two holes in it and made what was known as a Georgia bedstead. I got a froe and rove out boards the right length and laid them across some slats and weather beams to put my bed on. I made my dining table from the same material. In covering my cabin I used small logs a little longer than the logs in the building to project out over the ends for weather protection of the wall. To lay my four-foot boards on for a covering the last log across the building at the ends was a little longer than the others. I then laid a piece of timber on for the boards to butt against a proper distance from the wall to protect the walls from the dripping of the eaves, then placed out poles on the top of the boards a proper distance apart to hold the boards in place. My chimney, I made of what was then called stick and dirt, thus my house was finished without expense of buying nails as I had no money. It was all my

own labor except some of my good neighbors helped me to put up and notch down the logs and then laid weight poles on the boards to keep them in place. I had a few hens and got plenty of eggs and it took but a few minutes to cook a meal, and I only washed dishes after supper. I rarely had any company except another bachelor that lived a few miles away. He would visit occasionally. I was advised by many of my friends to get married but I was too bashful even to think of such a thing.

## CHAPTER II.

But I have left out some things that occurred while we were in Georgia. Mother sold out in Georgia and moved back into North Carolina. We only had to move some twelve or fifteen miles as we lived near the North Carolina-Tennessee line and we moved to the extreme western corner of the State. It was only one and a half miles from our house to the corner of the state where Georgia, Tennessee and North Carolina join. Before Mother sold out I was teaching school in Georgia. I was then about fifteen years old. The family moved but left me there to finish my school. I did not want to teach but through the solicitation of a very prominent man, who lived near the school house, and who promised to assist me, and the encouragement Mother gave me, I consented. I got along with the school fine and gave good satisfaction, I suppose. The patrons insisted that I should teach for them again and asked me to name my price, but I had enough of school teaching. The family I boarded with had three girls, one of which I dearly loved, but she was very bashful as well as myself and no one knew that I loved her except myself, as I never told her nor any one else.

My mother had not finished moving when my school was out. The cattle had not been moved and I went with a hired man to drive the cattle in. The road we traveled went up a creek called Hot House. There were large bottoms and fertile lands on that creek. Good buildings and a number of progressive farmers lived along there. As we were passing one of the houses with the cattle a little girl was crossing the road in front of the cattle. She tripped across the road and stopped to watch the cattle pass and I took a good look at her and thought she was the smartest little girl I ever saw. I kept looking back at her until we got out of sight and she remained where she was, looking at us. She told me since then she told her mother that she had seen her boy. Her mother told her she was foolish,

that she would never see that boy again that was driving those cattle. While I was looking back she stood there watching us. I went on with the cattle back home, went to work helping to clean and fence in lands in this newly settled land where there were no improvements.

This part of the state was then called the New Purchase of North Carolina, which had been bought from the Indians and was being sold to the settlers at a low price, the Indians being removed to the West. I continued to work on here until this trouble came up between Mother's second husband and myself. I went to Duck Town and worked some at public works at the copper mines, which was not at all satisfactory to me. The kind of society there was not the kind that suited me and I soon got enough of it and went back and went to work on the land before mentioned, near my Mother's.

There were two or three girls that lived in the neighborhood, one of which I fancied very much but I was too bashful to let her know the attachment I had for her, and besides Mother wasn't struck on her by any means. I had an associate boy, John Newton just a little older than I, who wanted me to go to Hot House creek with him said there were many pretty girls over there in Georgia, I consented to go with him. When I remembered the girl I saw when driving the cattle, I was anxious to go back and see what had become of her. We went on Sunday to Salem Church, a Baptist meeting-house on Hot House near the place where the girl in question lived. In those days the women occupied one side of the house and the men the other side. In looking over the woman's side of the house the first attraction that met my eyes was the sweet smile of the same girl I had met while driving the cattle just looking as cute and pleasant as ever, only more so. While the services were going on I spent my time in gazing at those pleasing eyes and her beautiful countenance

which was encouraging to me to note that she seemed to be paying more attention to me than to the preacher or any thing else that was going on. So that day was a happy day to me but I was too bashful to even approach her after the services or to seek an introduction, but went back home and went to work with the consolation that I would go back to the next meeting which was to be a month from that day.

The next meeting found me on hand promptly—on hand at the same place and I met the same pleasing countenance as before. I had got some what acquainted with some of her brothers and resolved to go home with them after services, which I did but was too bashful to attempt to have any thing to say to her. After the dinner a lot of the young folks took a stroll down into the meadow to pass off the time. She had a chum who was a great talker and had many suitors and wanted all the boys she could get and encouraged all the boys. She was very pretty and easy to get acquainted with while she the girl I loved did not have much to say and was quite timid. I had a pretty good time that evening with the pretty girl and looking at the one I loved. The pretty girl walked back with me to the house in preference to going with another boy, but without my solicitation. The one I loved was along. She must have found out by some reason that she was not the one I wished to be with from her actions and talk. I only got a chance to speak a few words to the one I preferred on that trip as the other girl was in the way.

The next trip I was more successful. She seemed to be not so shy and timid as before. I got to talk some to her and to tell her that I wished to get better acquainted with her. I left with the promise that I would visit her, which seemed to please her. I did not fail to see her every two weeks from that on. I would go on Sunday morning and come back home Sunday night, some times during the night, often it would be nearly

daylight but was always at home ready to go to work Monday morning, early. I kept romping around with her chum all along during our courtship. She kept telling my girl she was going to cut her out and my girl would tell me that her chum was prettier than she and for me to go with her. I told her if she desired me to do so I would if she would let me do as I wished I would not and that settled the matter. During our courtship a very prominent young man in that vicinity told me he was going to cut me out. I insisted on him that he should do so and told him the time I would be there and he was on hand promptly at the time. There were a lot of young folks there that Sunday ~~having~~ a good time. I had nothing to say to my girl, rather keeping out of her way and romping with the others, giving him a good chance which I wanted him to have. When bed time came my girl was arranging beds for the company so all could have a place to sleep. She had a brother who had a store near by and had a bed there on which to sleep. She told my rival that he would have to go with her brother to the store and sleep with him. He objected and wanted to stay there as he had a lot of things he wished to talk to her about and had come on purpose. She replied to him that there was no place for him to sleep and he would have to go on with her brother—that she had no time to talk to him. He took his medicine all right and told me he had waited too long but she was the sort he had been looking for. Everything went on pleasantly after that. My mother had been hearing of my frequent visits to Hot House and was told that I was keeping company with the pretty before referred to. She objected very seriously and remarked to me, “If you will keep company with a girl why don’t you go to see the old man Ballue’s girl.” She said she would not give her for a hundred of the other. I smiled and told her, “Oh, Mother she is so pretty.”

We were married August, 1885. We did not make

our wedding very public. I went over there that day alone and on foot the **nigh** way over the mountains and the next day we went home. Her father wanted us to ride some of his horses but after consulting over the matter we concluded to go on foot the **nigh** way, as there would be no one to take the horses back. We went directly to my hut and she cooked our **infair** dinner. Some one had told mother and she came in about the time our dinner was over and was greatly pleased at the way things had gone as I had brought home her preference for a daughter. She gave us a good scolding for not coming home to let her cook our dinner.



### CHAPTER III

Things went on smoothly for a while. Mother had given me a colt but it was too young to work. While I was working at the copper mines for wages, I bought a horse, a nice pony which suited me all right. The man that I bought it from told me that he was six years old and another man told me he was nine which disheartened me as I thought at that age their usefulness was about over. I was determined to trade him off and ran up with a horse trader that showed me several objectional points in my horse that I had not noticed before. He said he had a horse that was just six years old that he would trade me for mine notwithstanding his age and other objectional points but must have **boot**. I traded with him, had no money but he said it was all right about the money he would wait with me. Pretty soon after I got the new horse a man told me he had the big head and was no good and I'd better get rid of him. I then started out in earnest to get rid of him but could find no one that wanted him. Finally I ran up with a man who had two old steers and an old wagon that he would trade me for the horse, big head and all, but he wanted eighty dollars difference. I had no money and he said he didn't need it then and would wait 'til I could pay it so I traded with him and was in a high glee over the deal. I decided I would just take the team and go to hauling and would make money fast. I heard of a man that had a clay mine and wanted teams to haul his clay to the copper mines. The clay was to be carried about fifteen miles. I struck out with my team in good spirit expecting to make money rapidly and pay off my debts I had been making. When I got there my team appeared to be jaded and tired, but I put on a big load of clay and started out with it, I got stalled at the first hill and broke down the old wagon, my steers all had the hollow horn and gave out on me. Finally I got back home with my old steers and the broken wagon leaving the load of clay behind. I soon decided that

the wagon and team were no good and a failure and I was determined to get rid of them the first chance. I tried every one that I could see or hear of but could find no one that wanted to buy. I at last found a man that had an old mare blind in one eye that he would trade and I did not lose much time in closing the deal with him. I traded this old mare for some oxen as it was my plan to get a team and go in to the hauling business. I heard that a man over near where mother had moved from in Georgia had a fine pair of oxen to sell. I was well acquainted with him and I went over there, saw and bought them. He told me he would take fifty dollars for them. He said that he did not need the money and I could pay him when I wanted to. I then had two good teams. I hired a boy named Jim Green one that had gone to school to me in Georgia, at \$8.00 per month with the understanding that he was to drive one of my teams every day regardless of the weather. I was in debt and was not going to lose any time. I contracted with the boy to haul wood to the furnace at Duck Town. It was five miles from the wood yard to Duck Town. Jim hauled one cord on his four-ox wagon and I hauled three-fourths cord, two loads a day each. The man we hauled for was a very wicked man. His name was Ben Tolliver. He told me I need lose no time, his work was regular, but any time I could make more money working some where else just go ahead and when the work gave out, to come back to old Ben. We kept on regularly every day rain or shine, cold or hot, snow or sleet, never lost a day. They paid once a month and I commenced each month to pay my debts, which were enormous for one of my condition. Ben paid one dollar per cord for wood.

About this time a number of Virginians moved in and commenced to raise tobacco. The large profits they were making induced me to go into the tobacco business and that required going in debt still more. I had to clear up more land and build a tobacco barn.

This extra work made my crop late but the prospect of a large price for tobacco stimulated me. My crop looked fine and many thought my tobacco crop would net me \$500.00. On the 25th of September a big frost or rather a big freeze, killed all my tobacco, corn and every thing I had growing. My corn fell off the cob in the field. My tobacco crop was a total loss. My tobacco barn was just finished and me in debt for it all. I had not a thing to eat nor feed my stock. Oh, how badly discouraged I was! The first thing I did was to go and see all my creditors, tell them my condition and ask them to tell me what to do. They all told me to go on and do the best I could, they did not need the money and would wait on me until I could be able to pay it. Some of the merchants told me if I needed any more help to call on them. With this encouragement I went to work in good spirits. My Jim boy stuck on with me, on and on. I got acquainted with a German by the name of J. H. Raught, who was superintendent of the Congdon Mines. He got me to make and deliver him a hundred thousand two-foot boards which I delivered promptly. I made some good money while on this job. He also gave me a lot of other work to do from time to time and seemed to be interested in me from the start. I always thought that Uncle Ben must have recommended me to him as he seemed to want to help me in getting jobs where I could make more pay than by hauling wood. Capt. Raught wanted me to burn and deliver to him one hundred thousand bushels of charcoal, which I agreed to do. That was a new work to me, didn't know anything about coal pits. Henry Suits was an experienced collier and said he would burn my coal at a dollar per day. I hired him and advertised for good choppers. It wasn't long until I had forty men cutting wood at 40 cents per cord, had a twenty-five cord pit up and burning, and I commenced delivering the coal at once. I stayed with Suits, my collier, day and night and helped him put it up and draw it out and load it on the wagons.

Suits was afraid to stay alone at night, I was afraid of nothing. Just before we finished up with the first pit of coal, Suits and I fell out and I run him off out of the coal yard. Then I went on with it myself, from that time on I stayed in the coal yard day and night until my job was completed. However, Suits came back and apologized, we made up and I hired him as a helper only when I needed him but not as a collier. I made good in this business. Mr. Rought wanted me to continue and I work ed on for him for quite a while. I then commenced paying my debts pretty fast. I had everything to buy and nothing to sell, had my grocery and feed bills to pay out of my earnings each pay day. What I had left went to my creditors. As my credit was good for anything I needed, money or anything else I always had plenty of hands to work and they were all workers. When a drone got in with me I would run him off. Notwithstanding my indebtedness and bad management, I could always get money to pay off my hands when they wanted to quit or I wanted them to quit without waiting for pay day to come around.

Everything went on smoothly and I enjoyed life to the fullest extent. I had already made up my mind to go west as soon as I could pay up my debts and get enough ahead to enable me to go. I was now getting near the point and became more and more anxious but no one would believe it. All that I knew would trust me for anything I wanted to pay and my word was good for everything else, still my friends would not believe me when I said I was going to leave the country. At this time I had paid every man every cent that I owed except Jim Dickey for a yoke of oxen. He lived some ten or fifteen miles away and I had no way of going only to walk. I sent him word repeatedly that I was going to leave the country and did not ever expect to come back and if he ever expected to get paid for his cattle he had better come or send. I was about ready to start. Still he paid no attention to me. I waited on

him and finally I had to walk all the way over there to pay him. I told him that all I owed was paid but him and that I come very near leaving without paying him. He replied that he wouldn't have cared for he knew I would have sent it back to him. I had rented out my land to Jack Fain for the third part of what it made.

The morning came in which we were to start. I had prepared a good tent with iron spikes put on the ends of the posts so they would be easy to put down in any kind of ground. Notwithstanding all this no one believed I was going. I drove my wagon up in front of my cabin the evening before, packed up all the things that we could spare for the night. Early the next morning we commenced to load with not a soul there to help. Pretty soon Nat Rice one of my near neighbors came along and seemed to be greatly surprised. He had said all along that he was going with me and I had told him to be ready that day if he was going. He helped me to load up and said he sure was going with me and wanted me to tell him where I was going to camp. He said he would overtake me some time that night. I told him I was going through Duck Town and just as far down the Ocoee River as I could drive that day. I told him I did not want to hear anymore of his lies and drove out. He left me in a hurry and went back home. We made good progress on the road and took the route planned. About sunset we found a nice place to camp near a fine spring of clear water near the banks of the river, here we pitched our tent for the first time, all happy and in fine glee. After eating a hearty supper we went to bed, sleeping soundly. About midnight we were awakened by the approach of Bice and his family. He had a pair of oxen and a wagon without a cover on it, a load of children of most all sizes and a few duds. Wife and I were delighted at their arrival. Mary Jane, their oldest daughter, was about grown. Enoch, the oldest boy, was nearly grown and a good ox driver. Enoch drove my team, John, the

next oldest boy, drove Bice's, Mary Jane rode in our wagon to help my wife with our children. Bice and I would rabbit and squirrel hunt days, some days it would be night before we would overtake the wagon.

On the night of their arrival my wife and I got right up to fix them for the journey. Mahala, my wife, helped them cook and I helped to make a bow frame and put a covering over his wagon. By the time it was good day-light we were on our way. We were twenty-one days on the road. Our first stop was in Winston County, near where Double Springs is now located. We left North Carolina about 25th day of September, 1858. This was a fine trip. We all kept well and were as happy a set as you generally see. The roads were in an awful condition in most places. After we left Georgia and got in the Lookout Mountains south and west of Chattanooga there were nearly no roads at all.

## CHAPTER IV

The country in many places was uninhabited. Occasionally we would come to a cross road store and get some needed groceries. When we struck the line of Winston County our rations had run very short. The county site of Winston County was then Houston on the east side of Crooked Creek. We kept inquiring of every one we saw for the distance to Houston. The last information we had it was three miles. We traveled on and on for several miles before we saw anyone to inquire of, then we were told that we had already passed through Houston and that there was no store there and never had been only one house where Judge Hoskins lived and it was a little off the road. We stopped on the east side of Sipsey River where one McAlister lived. He had an empty house which he let us have until we could look around and find a location. We were looking for government lands which we could get under the Gradation Act at twelve and a half cents per acre. There was a great deal of it as very little had been taken up at that time but it was all poor land, all about the same quality. Pretty soon I found a place where I thought I could make a living. I sent one dollar and registered on it at Huntsville. That held it for me a while subject only to my entry.

This was near the home of old man Charles Long, who came there from Cherokee Co., North Carolina. I located a place to build me a cabin, but there was no place for me to move to while building my house. Tom R. Long, a son of Chas. Long, lived in about one mile of my location. He had a wife but no children. He kindly invited me to move my family into his home, and to stay there until I could build me a house. He just had a nice little one room log house, with one fireplace in it. I do not think I ever appreciated such a favor any more in my life. My wife, two children and I found a home in his house. We got along just as well as it would be possible for any two families to do. In fact,

we were close friends as long as he and his wife lived. I never did get over the appreciation of such a favor.

Mr. Long owned a pony and that was about all his possessions. I owned two pair of oxen and that was my estate. We both got out of meat about the same time. He told me that he knew a man by the name of Alexander, in the Poplar Log Cove about twenty-seven miles from there, near Moulton, Ala., who had meat to sell. So he and I went, he on his pony and I on foot. We each bought a big side of bacon and brought it back on the pony. We had to stay over one night at old man Baker's, Henry Baker's father, it being too far to get back the same day. It was pretty hard on a new comer to be without meat, cows to give milk, or vegetables. We had been living on corn bread without meat, and after trying it a while I did not propose to continue in that kind of business.

I then went to work on my house, in good faith. It was but a short time until I had my logs cut and hauled, the boards made, to cover the buildings, and the puncheons split out and hewn to lay the floor. At that time there were no improvements like sawmills, etc. A few men who lived near came and helped me to raise my house. The next thing I did was to build my stick and dirt chimney. Then I put in my sleepers and laid down my floor, the first length, next to the fireplace. I had already covered the house before laying the floor. We moved in as soon as the floor was laid next to the fireplace; that is, the first one half. By bed time that night I had about finished laying the floor on the back end. I was then close to my work and could work at nights, making a Ga. bedstead like the one I left in North Carolina, sealing up the cracks and making every thing as nice and comfortable as possible.

My wife had a bedstead her mother had given her that we brought with us, but mine was fastened to the walls of the house many miles away. I just left it there



knowing that I could make another one. I could then finish up the house at nights and clear the land and make rails in the day time.

Pretty soon after we had got fixed up mother's husband, East Mosely and another man came from North Carolina to look at the country. They traveled on horseback. They did not like the country, so I sold them my interest in my little piece of land I had in N. C. I took the two horses they were riding, and to pay me one hundred and twenty five dollars the next fall and the same amount the next fall, making a total of two hundred and fifty dollars. I took up my note I had given Mother, which I think was four hundred and fifty dollars. I was to get the rent that year. Then I set in and built me two stalls and made boards to cover my horses.

About this time John Suits, one of my North Carolina neighbors, moved in. He had a wife, one child, and his wife's sister, Sarah Redmond. I let him move into my one-room house with me. So that made quite a family in one sixteen by eighteen foot cabin, but we got along fine.

One morning I took my mattock and went to grubbing up sprouts, before breakfast. When I would try to cut the root the sand would give away to such an extent that the whole length of the root would come out. I then took my mattock handle and stuck it down where I was digging, and I could push it down the full length, in to the ground. I went to different places with the same results. I just threw my mattock on my shoulder and went to the house. I told Mr. Suits I had done my last work on that place, and he was very much surprised.

Old man Stroud Johnson had been telling us about some rich lands on Buttahatchee, in Marion Co., called "The Cove". This was less than a day's travel, and I wanted to see it. If I did not get better pleased I would reload my wagon and go west of the Mississippi River.

If my money gave out I would work for more. So we went to see Johnson that day. He said he could not go that day, but would go the next day. So Suits stayed and I went early the next morning. I rode one of my ponies.

We struck the Biler Road near what was called Littleville, the home of Ap Little. Then to old Thorn Hill where Judge Orrin Davis lived. He had a lot of nice cottages furnished for the accomodation of summer visitors, for it was a health resort, also for the accomodation of the traveling public. The many horse and hog drovers, also negro drovers, found lodging and board here. He had a postoffice here also, the only one that was known of in that part of the country. That was where Haleyville now is. I had an introduction to Judge Davis. He was a large slave holder. He had a negro quarter on Lost Creek where Carbon Hill now is, also had land cultivated on Buttahatchee and Bear Creek by slaves. He was a native of North Carolina. He showed considerable courtesy and gave me encouragement. We went on down the Biler Road to what was known as Boar Tusk Springs, where Crooked John Cagle lived. After we left there William Bradford who had bought land from Judge Davis, and lived in the Cove, came along and Judge Davis told him about us. He followed and overtook us and went on with us and spent the night and the next day with us. He had over bought and wanted to sell some of his land. The next morning we struck the Cove at the "Right Roden Deadenig". The land was very rich and in very small bodies. It was heavily timbered with no improvements and no roads. We proceeded down the road to the land that Bradford wanted to sell us. It lay in much better bodies and a good deal of it had been in cultivation but had grown up in cane, elder, muscadines and grape vines. I liked the land fine and bought it that day. I let him have one of my ponies on it and owed him for the balance, which was to be in payments. He

turned my notes over to Judge Davis for his payments, or rather to meet them. Then I went back in fine glee to move right on to my new purchase.

This was about February 1, 1859. I was then a little over twenty one years old. I tried to get my friend Suits to remain on my location. I told him I would give him my house, stables and all the rails that I had made, as I was done with these parts and was not expecting any reward for my labors. He declined the offer and said he was going with me, where I went he was going and where I located he was going to locate. He was a good worker, but would give out before night some days when we were doing hard work. He was much older than I and his whiskers and beard were too big and long to keep up all of the time. I had no beard then as I had not come to myself fully, yet. I was strong and healthy and was an expert at running races, jumping fences, etc.

I had learned that a man by the name of Bill Dodd owned land adjoining the land I had bought and that he had a little empty cabin on it, near the line of my land. So we loaded up our goods on the ox wagon and Suits drove out with our families. I mounted my remaining horse and went on to see the man Dodd, who owned the little house near where I was moving to. He said I could get it, but only for a short time. It was about twelve by fourteen feet. So one can imagine the situation, with my wife, two children, and me; Suits, his wife, one child, and his wife's sister, Sarah Redmond, who was about grown. There were eight of us in all.

We got there on Saturday night and spent Sunday in locating a suitable place for building our house. We also entertained many visitors who had heard of us in advance and came from several miles around to see what we looked like, we supposed. They also wanted to congratulate us on our arrival and offer any assistance we might need in building our home. Among

them was Stuttering Charlie Cagle. We highly appreciated this, but told them we would only ask for help to handle the logs we would use in the erection of the building. We selected our building place at the foot of a big hill on the north side of two large mulberry trees, that looked as if they were grown there on purpose for a shade for us. We agreed that we would build our house thirty-two feet by sixteen feet and make a partition of logs in the center and let each family occupy his own side. This was done so that in case we should have a row we would have time to reflect before getting into an engagement. This worked out happily.

Mrs. Suits was a large, white-eyed woman, good natured and kind but very high tempered. She was very quarrelsome with her husband, who being a good natured man, took it all. I took up for him, then she and I quarreled daily. She did not care what she said and would laugh at my cutting words. Miss Redmond was a fine girl and sided with me.

Early Monday morning Suits set out, with the team after the remainder of our goods. I with an ax started cutting logs. I found a lot of long, slim poplars growing on the banks of the creek. When Suits got back with the team I had the logs already cut, the roads to them cleaned out, and had found and cut down board trees sufficient to cover the building and also a stable for the horse. We lost no time in hauling the logs and making and hauling the boards.

We were soon ready to raise the building. Several willing hands were on hand to help us lift the logs, put them in place, and notch them down. We soon had our two room house up and covered and the roof on with weight polls on the top to hold the boards in place. We split out and hewed three pretty poplars and made a nice steady floor. We built a stick and dirt chimney in each end and were ready to move in. This we immediately did.

We had nothing to do now but go to work clearing land and preparing for a crop. About this time I sold my last pair of oxen to a man that agreed to clear five acres of land and to pay the balance in corn. I had already bought fifteen bushels of corn from Burl Howell, a well-to-do farmer some ten miles west of here. One of my neighbors, Reuben Farrow, recommended to him and signed a note with me as a security for the corn. I then had, with what corn the man owed me, enough corn to do me. I was quite happy in being so well fixed. About three miles down the creek a man had more open land than he could tend, so I told Suits I thought we had better rent some land from him. This we did. I went to clearing land, as soon as we got moved, in an old field which ran up to the house. It had all grown up in briars and vines, but there was no timber on it to make a shade, so I got along fast with it. My good wife would go out with me after supper often, when the weather was good and the children were asleep, and make little fires out of sticks and drift to make a light for me to see to cut briars and sprouts until bed time. The man, Dodd, that had a little house we moved into first, had about three acres of cleared land close to the little house; and some that was not cleared. The line between us was not a suitable place for a cross fence, but a little above there, there was a narrow place in the bottom where we could make a line fence. He offered to sell me the strip of land, including the little field and the little cabin, for eighty dollars; and would wait until fall for the money. So I just traded with him. That little addition to the land I was clearing made me a right nice little crop, but I kept on clearing and adding to my crop until it was too late for the crop to mature.

I forgot to mention a circumstance that solved a problem in feeding my family. On my trip in advance of the wagon that moved us from Winston Co. to Marion

Co. and soon after getting to the Biler Road I met up with an old settler by the name of Buck West and we rode together for several miles. He lived where the Natural Bridge village now is. He gave me a lot of information in regard to the country. I told him I was in need of a cow and he said he had a nice young cow he would sell for twelve dollars. I had only five dollars to pay on a cow, but he told me just to come and and get the cow and he would wait for the balance until I was able to pay it. So that fixed me in the way of milk. As soon as we got into our house I went and got the cow. I paid him the five dollars, and that left me indebted to him seven dollars. She was a first rate cow but I had a great deal of trouble with her. She sucked herself, and we needed the milk so bad that I tried various plans and ways to prevent this and was successful in the end.

When I got the land Mr. Suits and I had rented, fixed up and planted I told him if he would help me as long as I was planting the rented crop I would let him have it and would keep on adding to my clearing and make out with what I could get in. He accepted it and went on and made a crop to himself. After I finished planting my crop I had some leisure days as I did not have enough land to keep the busy all the time. Mr. Farrow, three miles away told me he would give seventy cents a day if I would bring my horse and plow for him. I was glad to this as we needed the money. We had meat only when I would kill a deer or turkey which was right often. That summer was the most leisure period I had ever had. My crop was small in comparison to what I would have had if I had had more land cleared. We made a bountiful crop, had enough made to last us two years or more.

## CHAPTER V

I could not get any work to do save the few days that I plowed for Mr. Farrow through the summer. There was lots of game in the woods and wild bees too. We found a number of bee trees and lots of wild honey to eat besides supplying myself with a good supply of bees for future use. We also had all the venison we needed and some to give away. I bought some hogs and they increased and grew. The earth was covered in many places with acorns and beech nuts, so the hogs had nothing to do but grow and thrive.

When I bought the land referred to I sold my horse in the land deal but reserved the use of him to make my crop with. As soon as my crop was finished I turned him over to Judge Davis as I had agreed to do. I had kept him sleek and fat and the Judge was highly pleased with him.

The hardest job I had was to build a fence around my crop. The rail trees had been cut and used around near the land I had cleared and it was about a quarter of a mile to where there was any good rail timber. I was an expert in splitting rails and liked the business. I had sold off my oxen and had to carry the rails to my shoulder to build my fence. I am sure that was a hard job, if not the hardest, I ever had; but I succeeded and made a good fence that protected my crop.

Along about then I got acquainted with a man by the name of Green Haley. He was a slave holder, a farmer, horse trader, and what was then called a Camp bellite Preacher. He was one of the most accomodating men I ever saw. I told him of my trouble, about giving up my last horse and that it would take all the money I had owing to me to pay off my indebtedness and I did not know what I would do to get something to plow to make a crop with. He told me not to suffer any uneasiness in regard to that for he would furnish me with any kind of a horse I wanted and that I could just set my own time to pay for it. That sure made me

feel good. I had two hundred and fifty dollars due me on my North Carolina land, one half to be paid that fall and the other half the next fall, and the rents off the place that I had reserved. Mr. Haley tried, almost every time I saw him, to sell me a horse. I told him how much I appreciated his kindness to me and that I would sure call on him when I got ready to plow, as a horse would at that time be an unnecessary expense to me as I could foot it around where I had to go. I knew that it was necessary for a boy in my condition to save all he could until I got in better shape than I was in at that time. I admired Mr. Haley as much as any man I ever met, except his Campbellism, which I could not endure. We had never talked on the subject of Christianity but I had heard enough about that sort to settle the matter once for all. My father and his people were Methodists, while my mother and her people were Baptists. So I held with the Methodists after my father died but my mother went back to the Baptists. We went to all of the Camp Meetings of each one every year, and attended meeting regularly. My mother encouraged me in reading the Bible and I had read it through by the time I was ten years old. Nearly all of my neighbors were Campbellites and I had many discussions with them on the Bible. Quite often I would, I thought, get the best of the argument. As soon, however, as they would meet Mr. Haley they would meet my argument and show my interpretation to favor them and confound my position.

The mill I went to weekly was kept by a Methodist Circuit Rider, who preached for the Ireland congregation. They were not able to support him and got him the position as miller, to assist them in supporting him. I told him of my discussions with the Campbellites and desired him to come over and help me out. He said if I could get a place for him to preach he would come. So I got him to make an appointment at my house. I went to work and split out some puncheons and made



some respectable looking benches and placed them under the Mulberry trees in front of my door. I invited all my neighbors, and all that I could see, to come. The country was sparsely settled, and I do not suppose there had ever been any preaching done in that settlement before. When the appointed time came we had quite a crowd for a place like that. Some that were there came ten miles. The Campbellites were there also. We fixed dinner for all that would stay. I wanted the preacher to skin the Campbellites, just rip them up the back, he did not, but gave us all some good practical advice. After dinner I told the preacher I wanted him to help me to put down such doctrine as they preached, that I had some children that would soon be old enough to need teaching the religion of the Bible, the old reliable religion of our fathers and mothers, and I did not want them to hear any such stuff as they would hear at what is now called "The White House". He told me the best thing I could do was to not go to their meetings and not to associate with them any more than I could help, as it was a dangerous doctrine they advocated and he did not feel competent to discuss religious subjects with them. I told him if the devil was the strongest I wanted to be on his side. I had good neighbors that helped me roll logs and were good and kind to me and I could not afford not to associate with them, but liked them and was their friend and they had as much right to their way of thinking as I did or any one else. So that ended the meeting at our house. My wife was a Baptist but I had never been so fortunate as to get religion nor to join any thing, although I had tried often.

After I had finished working my crop I went to clearing more land, making preparations for a large crop the next year. Along early in the fall my time was getting close to hand when I was to be in North Carolina, to get the rent of my crop and collect some money that was due me, and I had no money to bear my

expenses with. I went to Judge Davis and explained my situation to him. The man that had rented my land had notified me the time to be there to take charge of my rent as he would have it gathered by that time. I sold Judge Davis fifty bushels of corn at sixty cents a bushel. I was to have it gathered by a set time and was also to have the road worked out. I went back in fine spirits at the thought of getting the money and making the trip on time. I worked out the road, had the corn gathered and ready on the day he was to send for it. I waited on until noon and his team did not show up. I went up there on foot, seven miles, to see what was the matter, thinking that I might possibly meet them on the way, but no such luck. I asked the Judge why it was that he had not sent for the corn that day as he had promised to do and then explained the situation fully as I had done when he bought the corn. He replied that his wagons were all broken and he was not in any shape to get the corn now. I told him I had worked on all the road and my corn was lying on the ground; my time was up to start on my trip and no money to bear my expenses. He told me he would try to get it in a week or so and talked some-what about it. It made me so mad that I made an effort to take him by the throat, but he got out of my way and gave me time to reflect. He was quite an old man and I told him if he was a young man I would knock him down and give him a good stamping, and that his age was all that saved him. I told what I thought of him in general. He did not say much back to me, only that he did not want any thing to do with me any more. I told him that suited me exactly, that when a man proved to me that he was a liar and a rascal; that I was only too glad to quit him, that I owed him and was going to pay him and then it would be all over with us.

Well, I started back home mad and discouraged. Old man Alec Underwood lived on the road that I pass-

ed on my way home. I told him the treatment I had got from Judge Davis and he bemeaned him to the lowest degree for the way he had treated me and said, "Well, John, I will pay you fifty cents a bushel for your corn, and will come and get it as soon as you come back, and I will give you the money now to enable you to go right on and meet your matters in North Carolina on time." One can hardly imagine the good feelings I had for the old man for the great accommodation he had done for me right in time of my great need. I went back with a light heart, cared for the corn I had gathered that day and was ready to start on my trip next morning.

Hillsborough, in Lawrence County was about the nearest point to the railroad, and I started out by daylight, on foot, with a little satchel of food to eat, on my way to Hillsborough, nearly fifty miles away. I walked on at a brisk gate until late in the evening when I met a man who told me I could not catch a train until some time in the night. I kept on thinking I would try and get there in time to catch the first train, which I did and went to Chattanooga. There I had to change for Cleveland, Tenn., arriving in that place on the afternoon of the next day. I had to walk from there on, which was about fifty miles. As soon as I got off the train I set off for Duck Town. My feet were so sore I could scarcely walk, they hurt me so bad, but when I got warmed up they got much better. It was about seven miles to Ochoee River, but when I got there I could find no way nor no one to set me over the river. The man who lived near the river told me there was an old crippled horse there that might take me over, he did not know but I might try him. I looked at the horse and concluded I had rather wade than get wet all over. The river was wide but shallow, the man told me he did not think it was over knee deep. So I pulled off my shoes and socks and to my surprise the skin came off my feet in places and stuck to my socks.

I then pulled off my pants, took my shoes, socks, and pants under my arm and started in to wade across the river. The water was terribly cold and when I got across I found to my surprise that the cold water had drawn the soreness out of my feet. My legs were so cold that when I squeezed them they had no feeling in them. I put on my pants and shoes and went on like a new man, the soreness was all gone from my feet. I went on to the mouth of Greasy Creek, where there was an inn, the only stopping place to Duck Town and stayed there that night. I slept very sound that night and next morning I arose feeling good and well rested. It was about twenty miles to the next house as the river along there ran through a ravine and the road had been blasted out of the rocks and there was no place suitable for a house or anything else. I kept trudging along to get to my dear mother's, that blessed sweet mother with whom I had been in close touch all my days and as long as she lived on this earth except the dark days of the rebellion of 1861. I got there and there was much rejoicing that night and not much sleeping done, not withstanding my much needed sleep.

I only remained long enough to sell my rents and collect my dues. There was a hundred and fifty five dollars due me that I had agreed to wait for another year, but the party told me that if I would buy a mare from him he would pay me then. He had a beautiful little mare, fine quality, and a fine saddler that he gave me for the debt. This I readily accepted, and caused me to make the trip back home horseback. The mare was tender footed and I took her to a shop and had her shod all around. The next day I started on my trip home, but my mare's feet were so sore that she could not travel fast. I did not go near so far as I expected and next morning she was so lame that I would not attempt to ride her, but drove her before me and I only got twenty seven miles that day. I tried to trade her but no one would trade with me, she had been

founded, which was the cause of her sore feet. I did not know it when I traded for her.

I got to my wife's brother, Jack Ballue's, that night. He lived in Ringgold, Ga. His brother Arch was there too. He had a young horse, a strong rough one, but a fair saddler. He offered to trade with me for ten dollars difference, so I traded with him and left out early next morning. I made forty miles that day, and the next day I struck the mountains where very few inhabitants lived.

I had a hard time finding a place to spend the night but happened up on a well-to-do farmer who said they had a corn shucking that day and that the young people were expecting to have a fine time that night at his home, but if I could put up with the company I could stay. There were a lot of boys and girls gathered there planning to have a good time, but the man who was to make the music had not shown up. After supper was over I saw a nice violin lying on a bed and I picked it up and began tuning it, then drew the bow over it a time or two which attracted the attention of all of them, and they insisted that I play a few pieces for them, which I did. I commenced on "Billy in the Low Ground", a piece that I admired very much. I had hardly commenced when the floor was covered with them, dancing for dear life. I continued until about time I wanted to retire, but they wished so much to dance longer that I agreed to play for them a little longer. I told them that I was very tired and wanted to resume my journey early the next day so as to make forty miles that day, and that they must not insist any more. They commenced to dance in good earnest and made so much racket that the sound of the music could only occasionally be heard, and all I had to do at those times was just to keep the bow moving slowly over the strings. After playing a while longer I just quit, over their protest, and went to bed.

I got a pretty early start the next morning and the

land lord told me that if I could get to a man's house by the name of Scot where I could get entertainment. This was where the town of Albertville now is. He said if I missed that the chances would be bad to get a place to stay. I had to ride hard that day to get to Scot's and it was getting dark when I got there, as the roads were so bad that it was difficult to make much headway. Mr. Scot was away, had gone to Guntersville, and would not be back that night and his wife did not take any one in when he was away. I asked her the distance to the next house and she said it was three miles but she was sorry to tell me that they were not prepared to entertain me. My horse was very tired and so was I so I insisted that she take me in but she would not consent. She said there was no one there with her except a little boy and she could not take in a stranger. I reasoned with and told her that all good people were not dead, that I had a family at home, and that if any one were to undertake to disturb her during the night she might be glad to have me there. All my entreaties seemed in vain. I then asked her if I might have feed for my horse, and she replied in the affirmative. I dismounted and told her I would sleep under a tree in the yard, if I could get my horse fed I could make out all right. She said, "Well, if that is what you are going to do you can come in the house and stay for I cannot put up with that way of doing." The little boy got corn and fodder for my horse and I fed him seventy five ears of the smallest corn I ever saw and a bundle of the shortest fodder also. My horse did not leave even a cob he had cleaned it all up. I got a fine bed to sleep on, and also fine supper and breakfast. I got a good early start next morning and the lady told me I had better go down the mountain through the Cotaco velley and by Danville and Moulton as the chances would be bad in getting accomodations on the mountain route.

I did as she told me and did not have any further

trouble. I stayed the last night at Moulton and got home next day. I found all well and happy. I got back with enough money to pay off all of my debts: this I did the first thing. I let Mr. Underwood have the corn I owed him and started gathering my crop, which was fine. I made about five hundred bushels of corn. I never had made such a crop before, in fact I had lots of corn to sell. I had bought some hogs and had plenty of them to make our meat and plenty of stock hogs for the next year. I had paid all the debts I owed except some on my land that was not driving and I never was happier, nor in better spirits. Every thing looked good to me, a fine range for stock, cattle could live through the winter without food; and all we had to do with hogs was to feed and watch them to keep them from going wild or being stolen. They only needed to be fed enough corn to keep them gentle. I cleaned up a whole lot of land that year, as I was then able to hire some work done. I had plenty of corn, and fodder as well as meat that I could sell and pay for labor. I had lots of friends and could get all the labor I could pay for, and it looked like every thing was going my way. My wife was one of the most industrious women I ever saw. I would not let her work in the field but she spun, wove, sewed and knitted and kept us all in clothes, in fact she was always doing something. The next year we made a fine crop, and our stock of hogs and cattle had increased. We got a good price for everything we had to sell and paid all we owed on the land, and had some money left.

## CHAPTER VI

At this time the Civil War broke out and our happy days began to cease. Great clouds of war loomed up and trouble commenced in earnest. Men and boys had to leave their home and loved ones and go off to fight the battles of Secession. The first thing that was done was to hold an election in each county and beat to elect delegates to go to Montgomery and vote on the proposition, "Union or Secession." We sent Lang C. Allen, G. M. Haley and Winston Steadham from Marion Co., and instructed them to vote for the Union first and last and all the time. About all the people in this part were for the Union. Even Judge Davis and Alex Underwood my advisers told me, "Now, John, be sure and go to the election and vote for the Union for if we out we are gone." When our delegates got to Montgomery nearly the whole state was solid for the Secession, only a few of the mountain counties were for the Union. Our delegates wrote back to us and told us about the condition of things. It was, they said, a dangerous thing to say any thing in favor of the Union, much less to vote that way. Some of the delegates just went on and voted for Secession while the others slipped off and did not vote at all. However, Chris Sleets, the delegate from Winston Co., stayed with them and contended for the Union. They put him in jail but it did no good for he fought them all the time and his constituents stood behind his, hence the name of "The Free State of Winston", this being the only county that did not secede. Soon the bugles began to blow, meetings were advocated and secessionists on the stand plead with the people to volunteer and go out and fight for their country. Making all sorts of promises they induced many to go. My good friends Judge Davis and Underwood had changed, they said "Now John, we have lost the Union and we cannot afford to fight against our homes and all we have. We stood by the



Union as long as there was any, and now we must not forsake our homes and our all."

Going back a little, in the summer before I undertook to teach a small school, after crops were laid by. Soon after I started I took the ague and had a very severe spell, had to have a Dr. with me and took calomel and quinine for a long time before I got rid of it. I then had to give up my school and almost every thing else for a good while. The Dr. told me to move out of that Cove or I would die. The weeds and grass had grown up to such an extent that I got wet up to my waist every morning. So I bought forty acres of land out on the public road about one half mile from where I was. There was a little old house on the place and I moved into that. I was now living on the public road.

We will now go back to the war. About 1860 was the time the call was made to arms. I listened to the advice given by Judge Davis and Mr. Underwood, but did not discuss the subject with them. It was firmly fixed in my mind that I would never go back on "Old Glory". I had heard too much from my old grand parents about the sufferings and privations they had to endure during The Revolutionary War to ever engage against the "Stars and Stripes". However, I went slow and talked but little and thought by not talking either for or against it and giving them all they asked for, and treating them kindly they would let me alone. Although they were taking our outspoken friends off, putting them in jail, and punishing them in all sorts of ways. We entertained all the rebel soldiers in any way we could as we lived on the public highway and they were continually calling on us to stop over for the night, and often they would steal all they could get their hands on. Many of them would abuse me for not being with the army; of course, I had to take it although I was loath to do so. I loved my wife and children and it was almost like death to have to go off and leave them, especially at such a time as this. I cherished the

hope that Uncle Sam would surely put them all to death at an early day and I would stand it the best I could. My happy days now seemed to be at an end, all was trouble and disappointments. I soon began to think if Uncle Sam did not hurry up I would have to leave home. I moved my family back into the Cove where they would not be in such a public place and might escape, at least, some of the impositions.

In the fall of 1861 or 1862 I do not remember the date, I worked that day, gathering corn. About ten o'clock that night the rebel soldiers called me up and asked me to go with them to arrest some of my neighbor, whom they claimed were tories. I tried to beg off from them in various ways, but they told me if I was not willing to go, then they would arrest me. I then knew what was up. They said for me to carry my gun, which I did. They charged one house but found no one there but women, however they waylaid the house all night waiting for some one to come in. They strated on and met some of our neighbors in the road and handcuffed them. They went on to Alex Underwood's arresting all they met. They got some liquor to drink and conscripted me and one of my neighbors, and that told us that knew we were all right, and they gave us a furlough and said we could go back home and get ready to come on. The others were handcuffed and driven off like brutes. I then found keeping a still tongue had been some advantage.

We then began to make preparations to go as every one did who went to the Rebel army. I had a little tow head mule to ride, so I took him to Hugh McClellan who shod him for me. After he got through he looked at the mule and remarked to me, "The first battle you get in that mule will run off and the first thing you know he will have you in the Yankee Army". That meant something, but I never replied. Well, we, Ans Hyde and I left out before our furlough expired for Glen Dale, Miss., the place we were to go to. We spent

the first night at old Judge Anderson's at Good Springs, beyond Russelville. We told him where we were going and he cursed the Rebels, and told us we had better go to the Yankees, they were at the East Port then. He was a staunch Union man and said what he pleased and used plenty of curse words. We went on to Tusculumbia down the M. and C. rail road. We met lots of rebel soldiers who were leaving Gun Town and aiming to encamp that night at Cherokee. They said we need not go to Gun Town that the command (Roddy's) would be there that night, but we went right on. Hyde got sick that day, he had a bowel trouble. He was not used to horse back riding any way as he plowed a steer and did not own a horse until he got this one. He had an old picked up saddle, with some ropes for stirrup leathers and sat humped up on his horse, and was about skinned all over. He got awfully home sick and said he was going to die if he did not get to go back home. He kept begging me to go back with him but I steadfastly refused to do so. By this time we were going down Bear Creek, and near Chickasaw, which was on the east side of Bear Creek, and is now called Riverton. The Yankees were stationed at East Port on the west side of the creek. We were now out of danger for we had not seen a rebel for some miles. Hyde stopped his horse got off and lay down in the road and cried like a child. He looked awfully bad and I was real sorry for him, I told him to go back to Cherokee and go on with the Rebs, which we would both do if we turned back and I had as soon be in hell. He would hear to nothing but for me to go back with him, and if I did not he was going to lie there until he died, for it was death any way. If we went on to the Yankees they would shoot us down at the picket post. I finally yielded to his entreaties, if he would promise me that he would keep his mouth shut and let me do the talking when occasion required.

The chances looked bad for us to get back as we had

to go back through Roddy's camp at Cherokee, as it would not do to try to surround them, and we would just make a bold front. So we went on to Chickasaw and bought us a sack of salt apiece and put it on our horses in front of us and started back. It was then nearly night. We got to Roddy's camp about dark. When we came to the guards a mile or so from the camp we told the officers of the guard that we belonged to the the command. The corporal remarked that it would be useless to send a guard in with us as we were soldiers and they were busy putting out the pickets at that time. This was very pleasing to us. We rode right on in through Roddy's camp. They were busy cooking supper and no one seemed to notice us. We soon got to the pickets on that side, which was not guarded so closely at the side next to the Yanks. I told them we were citizens that lived up in the valley and that we had been to Chickasaw after salt. That seemed to satisfy them. Now we began to think we had passed the worst part of the danger, and Hyde began to complain again, the excitement now thought to be over. Soon as we were going on in the dark, a sharp voice sounded out loudly, "Halt, who comes there"? My response was, "Friends, with out the counter sign". We advanced slowly and met up with a bunch of Rebel soldiers with a lot of prisoners, taking them to camp. Some were hand cuffed and others tied together. I informed them we were citizen who had been after salt, and thy kept moving on except the one who was interviewing us. He did not seem to be satisfied, exactly, with our answer. I touched my mule with a spur and told him to look out for those fellows and not let any of them get away, as we did not need them. He took my advice much to our gratification.

Our chance was to take to the woods and travel only at night for any degree of safety. Hyde got along pretty well while the excitement lasted, but he

was too sick for it to last long as he was then about exhausted. I was also very tired so we turned out and lay down in an old out house, to get some sleep and get somewhat refreshed. We were up and out before daylight to get some place suitable to conceal ourselves that day, which we found and did. At night we took our course and got in home before day light the next morning.

Now it was noised abroad that we were in the Rebel army and it occurred to us that we must keep ourselves secluded as we would and our families too have some protection while that was the thought. Soon they found we were not in the Rebel army, and next thought was we had gone to the Yankees. This meant the confiscation of our property. I had by industry, labor, and economy accumulated some property and was out of debt. I had about seventy five head of cattle and the same number of hogs and four head of horses and mules. I had made a big corn crop and had about a thousand bushels of corn and plenty of fodder and hay, I had lots of bees and a lot of Confederate money on hand. Now my liberty was gone and I could not work for my family nor enjoy their association, which made my life miserable to me. They commenced robbing my family of the support I had left for them, they drove off my cattle and took my horses and mules, also my corn. They even went so far as to pour what meal my family had out in the floor and fill the sacks with meat. They even took their cups, saucers and plates, not leaving any thing for their sustenance.

I went home one morning about daylight, to see how they were getting along. Spies were concealed, lying in wait for me. They ordered me to halt but I turned back the way I had come. They fired a volley at me, but I escaped without a scratch, I only lost my old straw hat. They did not pursue me, for I waited for them, as soon as I found an advantageous place. I then went to a house and sent a woman, Prudie Tidwell, to tell my

wife that I was not hurt and to bring me something to eat if there was any thing left, and not be uneasy about me. She stayed nearly all day, waiting for the Rebs to leave, and then started on her way with something for me to eat. Hyde was with me and I told him they might follow Prudie when she started back and I was going to waylay her path way. After a while I saw her coming, and a lot of armed men slipping along after her. I placed myself in a good position and when they got to a certain point I fired my squirrel rifle at them. I watched them for a while and there was some old fashioned running done by them. Prudie had a lot to tell us, she said there was a whole regiment there and that the Colonel said he going to turn over every leaf in that country or have us.

So we concluded to leave the neighborhood, for a while at least, took to the woods and went to Buck West's, on the Biler Road, in Winston Co., where Natural Bridge now is. Buck was a sort of a Secesh, had two boys, Lucien and Buddy, in the Rebel army. Buddy was at home on a furlough at that time. Buck was a good friend of mine and had sent me word if I got in a tight to come to his house and he would care for me and keep me out of danger. I went up to Buck's house and had a talk with him and he told me to go down on the creek above his field, and I would find a rock house under a bluff and he and Buddy would come that night to us. I had left those who were with me out in the bushes while I went into the house to talk to Buck and let him know we had come. While we were sitting on the porch talking, some armed Rebels rode up to his gate. He went to the gate to talk to them and I went too. I was hatless all the time and had a red handkerchief tied around my head. They told Buck that they had a regiment camped over in the Cove, hunting for a Tory, and that they were going to get him before they left there. They said that they had shot him and seriously wounded him, even got his hat.

However, he got away from them and shot at some of their men the same day. I looked at Buck and he looked like a dead man, his lips were as blue as the sky. They left and Buck told me, "For God's sake get away as soon as possible and go where I told you." I picked up my old gun which I had laid down on the porch and made my exit, and we went on to the place that Buck had told us to. About night Bill Dodd came in. He had been keeping out of the army on the forty-year limit, but orders had been received to take up and include the men forty years old. So Dodd had heard all of this and had got him a supply of quilts and blankets, and a lot of light bread and meat and come to us. He had killed a deer on his way and had it on his back. He had his blankets tied on him in a saddle blanket form and he got down on his all fours like a horse and put his blankets across his back and went about the camp in that style, saying that he had come to stay with us. He said that he was going to stay until the grass grew on his back a foot long.,He seemed in high spirits. About night Buck and Buddy came with a load of provisions, and by this time others had come in and we had a jolly time. We also had enough on hand to eat and do us a month. We stayed around there for some time, until things got quieted down a little.

I had a very trying experience, I do not know the date and have no means of finding out the date, our oldest little girl was taken ill and died in the yard. I went home as soon as I heard of it. The neighbor women were assembled there and told me to just leave at once as the Rebels were going to guard the grave to get me. I told them that I was going to stay there and bury my child regardless of the whole Rebel army as I did not fear them. Any way I had just as soon be dead as to live the life I was having to live, and that I would stay right there and shoot them as long as I had strength in my body to pull a trigger. They begged me to leave saying that I would be killed and they

would too. That the Rebels would burn up every thing we had. They just took hold of me and pulled and pushed at me until they made me go. The good women and some little boys buried our little girl, Salome. I then resolved to shoot every Rebel soldier I saw, if my chance for escape looked good, this I did. At one time I was crossing the Biler Road in Winston County by my self, a regiment of Rebels came along. As soon as they had passed I went up the road and fired at them in the rear. It stampeded them and they double quicked it away from there and I did the same thing.

I had a friend,, Riley Cole, whom I knew in Georgia, who lived over near Sipsey River and I made my way over there as I wanted some advice. He was too old for the army but he thought he could hitch up a two horse team and go to North Carolina and Georgia. He also thought he could hide me when it was necessary and we might get along some way until the war was over. We needed some double trees and some other harness, that I had at home, to make our equipment complete. So he sent his boy along with me home to get the equipment. We made the trip in the night. A man, Bill Weatherford, fell in with us and we all went on together. He was a strong Union man but was exempt under the forty year limit. We were going along a trail near where Delmar now is, when we were completely surrounded by a gang of Rebels, and were promptly arrested. They took us to the old man Henry McNutt's and called for something to eat. He got up and went to his cellar and got out some potatoes all he said he had. We roasted and ate them and then went on. They arrested Bill McNutt, the old man's son, and carried him also. We went to the old Stamford place on Buttahatchee. They put us in an old house that had but one door. They brought them in from different directions and by daylight they had forty of us juggled in. The next day we were brought out before



Adjutant May to hear our doom. He commenced on Weatherford first, wanted to know why he was not in the army. Weatherford replied that he was forty. May said that was the age they were wanting them. Weatherford replied that he would go then but would go then but would like to go by home and get some clothes as he was not expecting this when he left home, and besides he was badly afflicted with rheumatism. To all this the reply was, it would be a long time before he would see home any more, that they had a Dr. that would fix up his rheumatism and that he would get up some clothes for him. The consolation he got taught me how to answer when my turn came. He turned to me to know my age, general condition, and why it was that I was not in the army (disdainfully). I told him I was twenty-five years old, sound and healthy, as I had never been sick a minute in my life. I told him the reason I was not in the army was because I did not want to go. He told me, "I shall send you to Richmond." I told him that it would take more than him to send me there. He ordered all of us to be put back in the guard house. The old room got so full that they had to send a lot of us off to get room for more, as this seemed to a sort of headquarters for them. A man by the name of Gibson, I will tell more about him later on, was with them and seemed to take an active part in this business.

One man had the water to carry for the crowd. It was taken by turns and I was very anxious for my turn to come to go for the water for I might get a chance to get away, but after making my first trip I did not care to go any more as the chances were too slim. The next day we were to be sent off. They were going to send me and possibly some others to Richmond; the others were to be sent to Roddy. The place where we were confined was too filthy for a hog to stay. We had to lie on the floor all huddled together. They had great

pots of beef boiled up and we had to stand all huddled up and eat it off the bone.

A good many Rebel sympathizers would come around the camp, among them was Burrell, Lang Allen and Jim Allen who knew me. They got in with Adj. May and asked him to let me have a furlough, they told him they would sign any kind of a bond that he wanted him to with me. So I was released and went home. Of course, I thought that I would have to go as I could not afford not to, as they had befriended me and I could not afford to give them any trouble. Under no other circumstance would I have gone. These men have told me since then that the bond they signed with me was not worth any thing, that they signed it on purpose to obtain my freedom and it was not compulsory on them nor me to go to the Southern army. Had I known that I would have gone another way. However I went on and was put in Roddy's army at Tuscumbia. There I saw many Union men that I knew, more especially Cal Miles from New River. The first night they put me out on picket, Cal and I were put on the out post. He and I neither loaded our guns, but prayed for the Yankees to come, for we were going to surrender and go with them had they come.

The next thing was to go on a scouting trip near Iuka. The Yanks met us and Roddy ran for life. I had thought all the time that I would get through the lines in the first engagement but the Rebs kept the rear so closely guarded that there no chances. When any one would stop there was some Reb ready to draw his gun and order to close up, so I had no chance to get through. Bill McNutt got shot through the leg by a Yankee bullet, this caused his death. I got sick about this time and was sent to what they called a hospital I was put on a pallet on the floor by the side of a man named Wamsley. He died pretty soon and that left me on the pallet alone. Mose Pace, one of our comrades at the Stamford prison died while I was there.

A man who lived near Allen's factory died and they wanted to send him home for bural and I had a mule in camp and was not able for service, they told me if I was able to make the trip I could go. This I gladly did. After taking him home I went on to my home and stayed there until I got a notice to meet the command at R. A. Mitchell's, just across the river from Greene Haley's.

I did not intend to go but a friend of mine who stood in with the officials told me to go on with him and we would both get a furlough and not be bothered for a while. So I went, but did not carry my gun. When we got there the officer in charge gave us a cussing for not having our guns. He passed some guns, any kind he could get, to those who were not armed. When they came around the line to distribute the guns I pulled my little mule behind a horse and they passed me unnoticed. They headed out in the direction of Winston Co. to make a raid. When we got about opposite where I lived I rode out of the line, during a shower of rain, and sat down at the root of a large tree. The rear guard passed and shouted to me to fall in line. I told him I was sick, had no gun, and was not going any further. This man was Ham Carpenter and he told me to go home and report at Fort Mitchell as they called it. I went back home and made other arrangements and that was the last time the Rebs ever had me.

I took to the woods and hid out. There was an old man by the name of Roberts who moved from Randolph County about the commencement of the war and entered him a home on the south side of the Cove. He was an industrious man, and had some money and a big family of children. He had a team and brought in a few things to sell, groceries and such like, and his neighbors bought his stuff, and borrowed his money, and did not pay him back. He was taken sick and died and his widow soon ran through with what he had left, and was in want. The oldest girl was named Mary

and I made arrangements with her mother for Mary to go and live with my wife, for I knew well that I would have to leave the country until the war was over. We began to meet in bunches to consult the best thing to do as it looked as though something would have to be done. No one was left to work and to make anything except small boys, old men and women. The Rebels had been robbing all the time until there was not much left to subsist on.

We kept on sending word among our sort and letting them know our meeting place, until as well as I remember there were three or four hundred of us got together at a big bluff down below Natural Bridge on the head waters of New River. Some four or five counties were represented and we finally agreed that we make three propositions and let each one walk out and join the side that he wanted to take. "First, all that want to join the Rebel Army step out." Not a man stepped out. "All that want to go to the North and join the Union Army, step out." There were over a hundred men stepped out. Number three were left to decide for themselves. We then began to make arrangements and set a day when we would start. Some of the number lived in Randolph Co., Fayette, Winston, Marion, Franklin, Jefferson and some were from Mississippi. We set a day and when the time came for those south of us to pass through the Cove where we lived we fell in with them. They kept on falling in with us and over taking us until there were a hundred or more of us. All had haversacks with provisions in them, as much as we could get on with. We told all we could find or hear of that wanted to go to fall in line, that we were going to stem the flood, live or die.

We had a tough old time our food gave out, and of all the tired, worn out, hungry set you could imagine, we were that. Almost all of us were on foot, there were some few horses in the bunch. The rag-

gedest, bare-footedest and most hatless set you ever saw. Finally, many of the weaker ones had given out and were at the mercy of any one who might come up with us. We consulted over the situation and decided for two of the bunch to get on horses at night, hit the road and go in haste through the line. We were then some twenty miles from the nearest station of the Yanks. They got through that night and the commander ordered out a detachment of soldiers, provisions, and horses sufficient to supply the demands. Here they came double quick and all of the rejoicing, shouting, and shaking hands you could imagine it took place then for we had met with our friends at last.

In uniform, mounted, and well armed, equipped with every thing we needed one cannot imagine how happy and brave we all felt. After eating a hearty meal we mounted the horses they had brought us and rode in with out any further trouble. We all enlisted in the U. S. Army with out any medical examination as we all wanted to enlist. I told them the Rebs had conscripted me and would claim me as a deserter and I never would suffer myself to be captured by them, alive. The head officer said he would appoint me Co. Sergt. and that would relieve me from guard duty, and place me in a position that would shield me from the chance of being captured as much as possible. I accepted this. We were then put on drill for quite awhile. Many of the boys got sick and many of them died, the change in diet and habits had a good deal to do with it. We all drilled hard, early and late fixing to get in fighting shape and out on guard duty, until we got ready for the field.

The first engagement that was worth speaking of, was in Miss. We, were the whole regiment, had two small howitzers, wagons, teams and pack mules with tools on them to tear up R. R. tracks. Of course, none of us knew where we were going nor when we would

come back. We were all loaded down with ammunition and bountiful supplies. We started south when we got to the line of Walker Co., Ala. We got orders to turn back which we did and met with Gen. Wheeler's command with five thousand men, who were sent out in pursuit of us. We had stopped for dinner, just about noon, and about the time we had been commanded to eat our lunch the pickets opened fire and we got orders to mount. I remember having my pancake about ready to turn when the bugle blew to mount. Instead of turning it over in the pan I just turned it over the pommel of my saddle, with the cooked side up, mounted and went to eating on the crust as we were preparing to go in my first fight. We felt like we could whip the whole Rebel Army. Our first line was down in an old field. Just north of us in a thicket of underbrush were the Rebels and on the right of our artillery. We were placed there to protect our artillery on that side. We could not see the Rebs for the underbrush, but they were firing into us volley after volley. Some of our company were slightly wounded in that line. Our artillery was busy shelling the road. We had orders to fall back a quarter or a half of a mile south, and were also ordered to dismount and form a line on the right; our artillery had fallen back also. The Rebels then came in sight and we began to do some shooting in good earnest and held them in check for awhile. However, the Rebs soon brought up their artillery and began to rain constant shot among us.

We were then ordered to mount which we, or I, found very difficult to do. As the fourth number was kept on horse back to hold horses and that was my number, I persuaded Clint Tittle to take my place holding the the horses and I went in to the battle in his place. There was so much confusion and so much going on that it was some time before I found my horse. I was looking for Clint and he was looking for me. When I got my horse I was almost exhausted, as I was

loaded down with ammunition. However, I felt good when I was again mounted.

We fell back from time to time, formed lines and defended ourselves as best we could while retreating. This continued until dark, but a little before sunset we came to a creek where the road seemed to give out. Here we found our artillery deserted and did not see any way of crossing the stream. The banks were from six to eight feet high and perpendicular. The Rebels were pressing us in the rear, charging us and shooting a continuous volley in the rear. Our men were shouting forward at every breath. I plunged my horse off a steep bank, into the creek and he commenced pawing and trying to go up on the opposite bank. I slid off of him in the water and assisted him all I could, and as he went up the bank I caught him by the tail and went out with him. Lieut. Emerick's horse went in to the creek a few feet below where mine went in, and broke his neck. I do not know what became of Lieut. Emerick as I saw him no more during the engagement. I then mounted my horse and started up a long hill. Every one that I saw seemed to be excited and confused.

Finally, I came up with a squad of soldiers who had formed a line of defense, headed by an old uncle Sim Tucker, a private, who was calling every one that passed to fall in line. Many were too badly excited to stop although his gun was pointed in their faces. As soon as I saw Uncle Sim in his shirt sleeves and bareheaded, my energy was renewed and I rode up by his side and said, "Uncle Sim, I will die by your side." Soon all of our men had passed us, at least those who could not be prevailed upon by us to stop and fall in line. The Rebels came in sight in pursuit of us. Uncle Sim gave orders to not fire a gun until they got near enough for each one of us to get one of them. They were led by a large man, riding a gray horse. I took a good aim at him and when the smoke went up I saw him fall backwards off of his horse. I think the whole bunch of us

shot at him, as every one that I talked to afterwards claimed the honor of shooting him.

We then retreated to a good position and waited for another attack and continued this until dark. At one time in making the retreat my horse ran astride a sapling that lifted his hind legs off of the ground, and I fell off of the right side of him. My left foot caught in my baggage and ammunition bag on the rear end of my saddle and my right hand on the ground. In this condition I struggled for a while but finally I regained my position in the saddle. By this time the Rebels were in a few yards of me shooting at me continually. I just fell over in my saddle and reached after my horse with my spurs and soon caught up with my companions. About dark we, about fifteen or twenty of us, who had been engaged in these skirmishes came up with a bunch of our comrades. There were perhaps fifty of them huddled together looking at something. I saw our First Lieutenant, Perry, whom I had not seen since the engagement commenced. He was in line and I rode up beside him, but just about that time a volley was fired in to us and Lieut. Perry fell dead off of his horse. I was told afterwards that he was shot through the heart. Another fell dead in the line. I heard the word, "Surrender" from some one, so I just pulled back my horse and started west, the opposite direction from them. Going down in to a hollow I looked up on a ridge in front of me and could see between me and the sky a lot of mounted men, whom I was sure were Rebs. About this time four or five soldiers came down the hill the way I had come. I called their attention to what I saw and we all concluded they were the enemy. Our chance then was to go down that hollow far enough to avoid danger then go west far enough to avoid contact with the enemy, and then turn north to get back to our lines. We had to leave our horses and side arms as we did not see much chance of getting away without being captured with our horses. Before day we



passed through a corn field and each of us secured an ear of corn, and that was about all we got to eat for the next three days.

It was estimated that we did not have more than five hundred men in this engagement. The writer had a talk with Gen. Wheeler about this engagement. He said that he had made preparations to capture every one of us, that he knew our number and our whereabouts, that he had never met as brave and determined set before. To his great surprise, he did not capture a single prisoner. Some twenty odd men were killed, most of them were officers.

Going back to when we made our escape. When daylight came we discovered one of our bunch was a Rebel soldier who was trying to make his escape into the Union lines. So he remained with us. There were five of us in this bunch and we were three days getting back to our lines. During this time we were without food, and passed through large swamps and waded water that was some times up to our necks. We had to stay hidden all of one day between two roads, where we saw hundreds of Rebs pass us.

After we got back to our company we moved from Glendale, our former camp to Corinth. From Corinth we moved to a stockade on the M. & O. railroad south of Corinth which was called Camp Davis. I think this was built by the Rebs before the evacuation of Corinth. We had a good deal to do while there, scouting through the country and patrolling the little towns on the M. and C. Rail Road. We occasionally had engagements with squads of Rebs. While there we made a big raid with Gen. Wisener in command, down the M. & O. R. R., tearing up the track and burning corn and provisions, that the Rebs were shipping to Atlanta, Ga. to supply their forces while they were engaged with General Sherman. We had a hard seige on this trip, so much happened and so much was to do and to be done that I shall not attempt to go in to the details.

While I was with others on detail we had to dismount and roll the cannon wheels to get them through a swamp. The column kept on the move and when we were through we were several miles from our command, and had to make double quick time through the woods, as the roads were full and we wanted to catch up with our several commands.

My horse happened to the misfortune of falling down, and on me. This hurt me to the extent that I was not able to mount for quite a while. However, by considerable exertion I finally got on him and went on. It was several days and nights before I was able to take off my coat, as the greater part of my hurt was in my shoulders. We captured so many prisoners and contraband that it was necessary to send a detachment back to camp with these prisoners and stuff that was not needed. I was on that detail, and we sure did have a tough time getting back. Rain, high water, swimming creeks, repairing bridges, and bush whackers were some of the things we had to put up with.

One night we were encamped at an old barn, had got a house with one door in it in which to put our prisoners. We had a Reb Col. in there and during the night he succeeded in jumping over the guards and making his escape in his night clothes. It rained all night and we slept on a hillside with our horses staked out. The water ran under us and over us during the night. About daybreak there was a volley fired into us. I was up but the greater part of them were asleep. We were all wet as well as our guns, blankets and clothing; but we were ordered to mount as the firing had ceased so we got in readiness to march. We had not got far when a volley was fired in to us from the rear. Our commander ordered a squad of soldiers to dismount at a suitable place and have their horses led on, and the command to halt and await the results. It was not long until the firing commenced and a detachment rushed back to their relief and found that they had killed six

of our pursuers and that ended the trouble for that day. It was necessary at every big swamp or thicket to prepare for the skirmish. We succeeded in getting back without the loss of any life, that I know of.

Afterwards we were ordered by Gen. Grant to re-enforce Sherman's army at Chattanooga. We went via Memphis, Nashville and Decatur, Ala. We evacuated Corinth and started on our march for Memphis. I was right sick when we left Camp Davis and was sent with the ordnance department on the R. R. from Corinth, while the command was sent on horse-back. When we left Corinth our camps were all on fire. Our first stop was at La Grange, Tenn. I slept on the ordnance in an old ware house, and next morning I went out to see if I could find something to eat. Through a mistake I went into the small-pox hospital. I was still sick the next day. However, the next day the command came in and struck camp about a mile north of town. They hauled me out with the ordnance. We were soon ordered out to Memphis, the command was to scout through and I was sent with the ordnance. When I got to Memphis I was real sick and had no where to go nor any one to look after me. I lay around on the platform at the depot until the command struck camp, about four miles out. The wagons came in after the ordnance and I was placed on a wagon and hauled out to camp. The Capt. sent for a Dr. and he said I had measles but I thought it must have been small-pox as I had been exposed to it. He sent me to a large hospital tent, they were just erecting and put me on a litter. It was not long until the tent was filled with sick soldiers. It rained during the night and the water must have been some six inches deep all under the tent. Many of the sick were unconcious and were up paddling in the water all night, for we had no one to care for us. I was very sick and could not sleep a wink, but I knew better than to go out in that water. The next morning the ambulance came and carried us to the hospital in

Memphis. They carried me to the Overton House, and I was only there a few days until I broke out with measles. In a few days I felt as well as ever.

They had taken all my clothes and had given me a calico gown to wear. I lay there for days just feeling as well as could be, and my whole desire was to be out where I could get some exercise, for I felt the need of it. I kept insisting on the Dr. letting me have my clothes but he would not. I would get up and run around in the room kicking the walls as high as I could, in my thin calico gown, trying to get what exercise I could; but I would get so cold that I would have to go back to bed and cover up. Finally the Dr. agreed that I could have my clothes and sent a negro porter to bring them. The negro brought part of them but one of the boots he brought was not mine and I could not wear it. I sent him again but with no better results. I then went down three sets of iron steps, to the baggage room on the lower floor. They had been carrying water up the stairs and they were wet. I finally got my own clothes and got them on but by that time I needed a fire.

I went down the same steps as before to where they were cutting wood. As they only had one axe I had to wait until my turn to get it. The wind was blowing hard, right off of the Miss. River, so I got very cold while waiting for the axe. When I got the axe I cut a good load of wood and carried it to my room. This was, as well as I remember, about March, 1864. I made a good fire and sat down in front of it. I soon got very warm and took a severe headache. I got back in bed and do not remember anything that occurred for many days. It all seemed like a dream to me. I imagined that Lieut. Fishbach, whom I thought well of, was punishing me all of the time all he could the whole time that I was in this condition; but he seemed to think he was helping me. I am sure this was only imagination. While I was in this condition Capt. Trammel

visited me, of this I have no recollection. He went back and told them that Sergt. Phillips was going to die and all that wished to see him alive had better go at once. He gave them a pass and I was told that the whole Co. came, but I have no recollection of any of them. The first thing I remember seeing was a Sister of Charity bending over me trying to talk to me. This Sister waited on me from day to day and I owe my life to her close attention to me, while I was in this condition. I have had the kindest of feelings for them ever since that time. I am sure it is by the kind treatment she gave me that I am still in the land of the living.

While in camp at LaGrange, Tenn. I forgot to mention a circumstance, that took place while we were there. A regiment of negroes were encamped about a mile from our camp. Some of the boys, who did not like the negroes any too well, for some cause got to shooting into their camp, and it almost terminated in a serious battle, as their officers were white men. We had orders to move at once.

When I rejoined the command, many of my comrades were surprised as they thought I had died. I worried on in the hospital for a long time and was not able to move or turn over without help, and had no desire to get up. The Dr. told me one morning that I must get up that day. I told him it was not possible, that I did not have the strength. The next morning when I told him that I did get up he was angry, and and told me that just had to get up that day. After awhile I moved over to the front of the bed and eased off on the floor. My legs had no strength in them so I could not stand up. I stayed out on the floor for some time before I had the courage to try to get back in bed. Finally I succeeded in getting back to bed. I went to sleep and do not remember how long I slept but it was a long time. The next morning I told the Dr. of my adventure. He was not well pleased and talked rough to me, he even wrote me a pass and told me I had to go

out that day. I contended with him that it was not possible but he used some threats and left. I was afraid of him and had lost all resentment I had ever had. I got up and crawled around over the floor until I became exhausted. I then got back in bed and took another long nap.

Next morning he was very worth with me when I told him that I had not left the room. He gave me another pass and said he would dare me not to go out that day. I knew that I would be compelled to try so I got up and crawled out of the room, to the head of the stairs, then down the steps to the lower floor, resting often in the mean time. When I got out of the building on to the porch, the sun was shining brightly. While holding to a post to steady myself I lost my grip and fell full length on the floor. A lot of guards who were stationed there picked me up, and carried me back to my room. Two of them took my arms and shoulders and one my feet and carried me back and put me in bed. They cursed that Dr. for every thing they could think of. This met my approval. After this I took another long nap.

The next morning the Dr. was more angry than ever when I related my experience. He told me to go right on back that day to go to some store and buy something and bring it back to him, so that he would know that I had gone. I got out that day and went down to where those soldiers were on guard, at the entrance. They fixed me a good comfortable seat and I remained with them for some time. They did not fail to curse the Doctor. One of them said: "I would not go where he told me to." He offered to go and get me something to carry back to that "cussed Doctor." This he did. I got back to my room without help that day, by crawling up the steps and resting repeatedly. I got back to bed and took another long nap. The next day the Doctor seemed angrier than ever because I had not gone out and made the purchase myself; and he dared me

not to go that day. I had been treated so badly from time to time that I had lost all the energy and courage that I had ever had. The Doctor fed me so long on Jayne's Expectorant, that I cannot bear the smell of it yet. He would dose me out things to take and leave directions for taking it. He would say, "This is the very thing for you, you are coming right along, and I will just continue the treatment." All of this went into the spittoon, for just as soon as he would leave I would throw it there. Some mornings my spittoon would be full and run out into the floor, and for that I would get a big cursing. My best friend, the Sister who had been waiting on me, almost deserted me when I began to get better. I did not get to see her often, in fact, I never did get a chance to thank her for her kind treatment to me while I was so sick.

The next morning I went out again and the same soldier wanted to go out and make the purchase for me again. I told him that I was afraid to not make the trip myself. He went with me and I made the purchase, came back and stayed some time with the guards that day. The next day the Doctor seemed to be in a better humor than usual. He told me that I should go out every day and stay all day or as long as possible, this I promised to do. I met up with a soldier whom I knew and he told me he was boarding with an old Irish woman and he wanted me to go and take dinner with him, as it was only a few blocks away. He said that he would help me along and that we would rest when I felt like it. I consented to go with him and we went slowly and rested occasionally. Finally we got there and the old woman ran and met me and said, "Lawdy me, you do look so weak and bad." She led me into a well furnished room and put me on a good bed to rest. She said when she got dinner ready she would call me. When I went to dinner she had Irish potatoes well cooked and lots of other good things to eat. Everything looked so good and I en-

joyed my dinner so much. After dinner I went back to bed and felt better than I had for many a day.

As soon as I got able to be up all day I was put in a room to look after a sick man during the day and went back to my room for the night. The young man that I was first put to watch over was from our Co. His name was Cheek and he was suffering from a relapse of the measles. He was unconscious and perfectly wild. He would get up out of the bed and try to jump out of the window. As he was stouter than I he almost succeeded in jumping out at one time in spite of all that I could do. When I got him back to bed I was almost exhausted. Soon one of the stewards came in and I told him of my trouble. As he was much stronger than I was I just slipped out of the room and told him to take charge of him, that I was not coming back there under any circumstances. Some days after that I ventured to his room and looked in at him. He was almost gone, died in just a little while. A lot of soldiers from our Co. died in that hospital, among them were Clinton Little, Jim Little, Green West, Jack Harbin, and many others that I cannot now recall.

About this time I heard that we had orders to leave Memphis. I sent word to the Captain to come right in as I certainly wanted to see him. Pretty soon he came and told me that they had moving orders and that they would leave there on a boat. I told him that it would mean death to me to be left there, all that I needed was to get back into a saddle where I could get plenty of exercise and fresh air, otherwise I would die. He laughed at me and told me that they would not discharge me from the hospital. I told him that I knew that but if he would promise me his assistance I would try to remedy that as I only had the old Doctor to contend with. I told him that I did not want the Doctor to know or even suspicion such a thing. He promised me faithfully that he would come back and let me know as soon as he found out more. The old Doctor



was not paying as much attention to me as he had been, but kept me supplied with passes from time to time. So I began to make my preparations to get away. I got a boy to go around with me, and got my blankets and effects where I could lay my hands on them when I needed them. The Captain came one evening and told me that they would load on the ordnance, and the whole outfit the next day, and that if I was going I had better be there by ten o'clock. I got the boy to carry my luggage and we trudged along to the river bluff.

Below Front Street near where they were loading the big boat which was to carry us, I had the boy to make me a pallet on the ground, near the boat. I then paid him and told him to go back. Soon Capt. Trammel came along, took up my pallet and told me to follow him. He went on the boat and up to the deck where he made me a pallet and told me to lie down and hold my position. All were busy loading on horses, wagons, and teams, and everything that the regiment had. I got orders to move out of the way, by various parties; but I told them that I was there by superior orders and was not going to move so they let me alone. When we got loaded, the old steamboat, "The Westmoreland", pulled up the Mississippi River. We all got off and cooked and ate at Cairo, Illinois. When we were near Paducah we had orders from one of our divisions to get off and help fight Gen. Forrest whom they were in an engagement with at that time. Our Colonel refused, saying that his men and horses were not in shape for service as they had been aboard the vessel and needed rest and refreshment instead of going in to battle. Too, he said that he was on a forced march by Gen. Grant to reenforce Gen. Sherman's army at Chattanooga, Tennessee. However the commander of the post turned his cannon on us and ordered us to Cast Anchor, which we did. Our Colonel telegraphed Gen. Grant and we waited there a week to hear

from headquarters. When the order came from Gen. Grant we were released and we moved on up the Cumberland River.

About this time small-pox broke out among us on the boat. We had to unload them as fast as they took it. Vinse Roden and Wash Farehouse, Marion County boys, were two that I knew who broke out with it. After that at an average of two to five daily were stricken with disease. We had possession of the river and had guards posted at every landing, and they were left with our soldiers to care for them. About this time I took the mumps. The banks and the drifts of the river were filled with the dead carcasses of horses, and we had to drink this water. The boys said they had to strain it to get the maggots out of it. When we landed at Nashville they sent me in an ambulance to the field hospital, instead of the camp, here I remained quite a while. While there I had an attack of rheumatism and was not able to turn over for some time. I suffered terribly with it. It was not so very long until I got to where I could walk on crutches and in a little while after that I could walk with out them. Soon I began to call on the Doctor to send me to the front as I felt as though I would get well if I could get in to the saddle again. Finally, he said that I might go but that he would wash his hands of my blood as I would never see the front. There was a detachment arranging to go and I fell in with them. I got to the soldiers home and stayed there waiting for my transportation until I gave way and could not go. The Doctor in charge wanted to send me back to the field hospital but I had had enough of that and refused to be sent. He then told me that he had an exchange camp about two miles up the river and I could go to that if I could get there. I told him that I would try. I got a boy to carry my luggage and we started for the camp. By my lying down and resting occasionally, we finally got there.

We had pretty good quarters out there on the bank of the river. The next morning the Lieutenant had me go see the Doctor. After an examination he sent me to a small tent with a large fireplace in it. This tent was occupied by two Irishmen, one of them was named Hugh McGraw, and the other one was Dominick Morley. They both were kind and good to me. Dominick was a fat, jovial kind of a fellow. Hugh was a thin, tall, bony fellow and I never did see him smile, but he was very good natured. They both could speak some English. They did their own cooking. The Doctor told me he would come and see me when he got through. When he came he brought a bandage for me to wear, and told me to lie on my back and not get up nor turn over until he came back the next morning. He told the two Irishmen to leave my food and canteen where I could reach them without getting up. This they did. When the Doctor came back he still had me stay on my back, in fact I remained in that position the most of the time for several days. The result was I grew stronger and finally got to where I could walk again. I left the Irishmen's tent and went to the barracks.

A Canadian and I became attached to each other and ran around inside of our limits together. There were a lot of fine Jersey cattle sunning on the banks of the river and I made the remark that I would like to have some milk from those cows. He told me to hand him my canteen which I did. I picked up a stick and had the cow stand in the edge of some briars and he soon had my canteen as well as his filled with milk. After that we got milk right often that way. He said that he and his sister, Poll, milked fourteen cows when he was at home.

Many incidents happened while I was in that exchange camp. Some time there were thousands of soldiers there and some times not so many. I became very anxious to go to the front as soon as I began to

pick up. I finally got in to a detachment but instead of sending us to Georgia they sent us to Decatur, Alabama. There we were joined by a hundred or more men who had been left behind for some reason or other. We were mounted and started out one evening but only went a few miles and camped that night. The next morning I was able to get on my horse. The officer in charge told me he would have to send me back to Decatur if I did not feel able to go. I told them I thought I would be able to get back, so they carried my horse on with them and I started back to Decatur on foot, where I was told to report to Lieut. Lukins. I took my own time, and rested along as I felt like it. I crossed the Tennessee River on the pontoon bridge, which our soldiers had put in just below the trestle, where the bridge had been burned. I reported to Lieut. Lukins and he told me to put up a tent and he would make a requisition for rations as several private soldiers had reported to him that morning. He said that I might put the tent any where I wished. I had the tent put across the river. Over there, there was good fishing and hunting ground. An old man whom I knew in the hospital, and whom I had seen in the Exchange Camp, sent for me to come to see him. I went to see him and found him very low. He told me that he was going to die. He had some money and a fine mare which he wanted me to send or carry to his wife. This I did. He lived out on the mountain near Days Gap. I took charge of the mare and rode her while I stayed there.

The boys of our regiment began to come in until we had about seventy-five men there in camp. Some of the families refugeeed and were living around there. I had instructions to give them a pass good for twenty-four hours, and to renew these, until we were called to the front. We certainly had a fine time while there. We had nothing to do except fish and hunt, and there was plenty of fish in the bayou, and plenty of rabbits

and squirrels in the woods. The boys found an old one-horse mill on a farm not far from camp. There were a lot of old calvary horses running out on the commons, and pens of corn all of which had been deserted. The boys took these horses and ground meal. We had all of the corn meal we wanted and the boys would grind meal and take it across the river and sell it, in Decatur, in order to get them some money. So we certainly had a fine old time while there. My strength began to return to me rapidly and I soon felt strong and able to do anything.

We finally got orders to go to the front, and we were to be transported on freight cars. Our boys were then stationed at Rome, Georgia. On the way from Chattanooga our train sidetracked at a station called Graysville, and switched off on a side track in to the woods. One of our boys by the name of Ford, from Marion County, was very sick and weak with diarrhea. He had to get off while up there and two of us helped him off and before we could get back on our train it pulled out. The other fellow ran after the train saying he was not going to be left. I insisted on staying and helping the sick man to the station, where there was a little squad of soldiers at a wood yard. Ford was not able to walk without help so he put his arms around my neck and I helped him along until we got to where the soldiers were. I left him with them and they said they would care for him. As my train had gone and there was a wood train on the side track ready to pull out, I got on it. At the next station we caught up with our train and I got off of the wood train and ran to get on the other one, but they pulled out before I caught up with them. Then my chance was to get back on the wood train. About this time there was an officers' train, with one car, came by. They slowed down and beckoned me to get on. They were all commissioned officers. I told them of my troubles and why I was left. They told me to sit

down and be contented as they would overtake my train. I had left my effects, all that I had hid in a freight car and I knew it would be lost if we did not catch them at Kingston, as we changed there to go to Rome. I had the officers there to telegraph back for them to send the sick man on, and got my baggage allright.

We went on the first train to Rome and there was a lot of rejoicing over getting back to our Company once more. I was then well and hearty and there was nothing to do but mount a horse and go in for duty. Our regiment was stationed there for the purpose of foraging for the sick and the wounded. We were to get all of those who were badly wounded, and those who were too sick to move back North. Those who were slightly wounded or who would be ready for service soon were sent to Rome. We were continually foraging for beef cattle and other supplies for them to subsist on. We were having a tough time as we were being bushwhacked all of the time and were in great danger the most of the time. However, I certainly enjoyed the change of hospital to field. Many of my comrades I had not seen since my severe illness and they thought I was dead. There I got news from home and they were still living. Many of my friends were sending me word to come back and help them, and if I only would they would be ready and waiting to come back with me. We were continually on the scout, and sometimes we would be out for several days before we would be able to bunch up a drove of cattle.

One time we went to Cedar Town, Georgia, and the officers in charge who had left a garrison to take charge of the town, sent out a detachment on each road to search for cattle. I got the Major to send me out on the Van Wert Road, as I had an Uncle who lived out on that road. We went on a short distance and came to a road which turned to the right. We took this road and soon came to a large house with several

horses hitched outside. We charged the place but the riders made their escape, but left their horses. We dismounted and searched the house for arms and ammunition. We found a large table well loaded with plenty of good things to eat. We had no time to stop and eat but each of us got a lunch. I filled my haversack with turkey and other good things to eat. We then went on leading our captured horses. In a short distance we struck the long leaf pines and it looked rather discouraging as far as the cattle were concerned. We then turned in the direction of the left hand road which we had just left. Not far from town we struck some old fields and found a nice bunch of cattle. We drove them on in the direction in which we were going and found a lot more. We then had about all we could handle, so we turned toward town.

In riding through the bushes I found a man on foot. He told me he was a citizen of this country and not a soldier. I ordered him to get up into the road where the horses were being led as he was going on with us, and for him to get on one of those horses, his own if he preferred. This he did. I rode on with him and asked him if he knew Daniel Roberts who lived some where near that place. I told him that this man was my mother's brother. He told me that Roberts was his own uncle. The next house was Uncle Daniel's. I called at the gate. Uncle Daniel had gone South but a cousin, his oldest daughter was there. I remembered having seen her and she remembered me. We had their cattle in the bunch and she was very much worried about them. I told her to get on my horse behind me and we would stop at the first suitable place and take their cattle out of the bunch. The first fence we came to I had the drove stopped and had her cattle turned through the fence. I left her there with her cattle but before we got to town they broke through the fence and caught up with us. When we got to town I told the major of our success, and that I had got

my uncle's cattle and I would like to have them returned. He approved of this but as we had no way of distinguishing them from the others we were compelled to let them go on, contrary to my wishes. After the war was over one of my uncles, a brother of my mother, wrote me from Arkansas where he then lived, censuring me for the crime of taking my uncle's cattle. We passed several insulting letters in regard to this matter. He was a rank secessionist and his boys were killed in the Rebel Army.

While we went off on our scouting expedition after cattle the reserve we left in town broke in a tobacco ware house and had tobacco boxes open and scattered all over the streets. They had also broken into one of the lodges and had taken out the uniforms and had them on wearing them. All who could got sacks and filled them with tobacco and carried it with them to chew on. Some two or three of us went into a house where there were three women. One was an old woman and the other two were wives of Reb Soldiers. They were badly frightened at us when we went in, but we told them we had just come in to make some coffee and that we were not going to harm them in any way. So the old woman made the coffee for us and the others went on cooking. The old lady was very much delighted with the coffee. We all sat down together and had a fine meal which we all seemed to enjoy. The women told us they wished their husbands were there as they would be glad that they were with us as they were starving and almost going naked. They said that from what they had heard of us they expected to be killed when we walked in. We gave the old woman what coffee we had left and they all shook hands with us when we left.

When the scouts all got in we left for camp with our drove of cattle. I took charge of my cousin and told him to say nothing to any one. As we drove the cattle along we had a long talk. He told me that he enlisted



in the first Georgia calvary regiment that went out. He said that he had been through it all and knew now that they were whipped, and that he was now trying to save his life. That he had a wife and baby and that he had decided to fight no more, and that he was going on with us and was going to take the oath of allegiance. Pretty soon the guard found that I had a prisoner and he took him away from me, and put him with the other prisoners. When we went in camp that night I hunted him up and we took supper together, eating the turkey that I put in my haversack that had been prepared for him and his own comrades for dinner that day.

The next morning I got up early and climbed the fence where the guards were, to get some corn for my horse. One of the guards was lying in the corner of the fence with my cousin and both of them were sound asleep. I climbed over and got my corn but I did not molest either of them. The next day at noon I, being in charge of the cattle, penned them and placed a guard to watch over them. Then each of us started on his own way to find some food. I saw a large house in the distance and I galloped up that way. I saw some "Johnnies" run toward their ponies, get on them, and start off. I put the spurs to my mare and soon overtook them, shooting at them all of the time. They soon threw up their hands and surrendered and I took them both in. So I got but little dinner that day. We got back to camp with out any further trouble that I now remember of.

We continued in this line of duty until I agreed to go on a scouting trip to Alabama, for recruits. I always have regretted doing this, ever since we left on the train for Decatur, on detached service. There we met up with a noted scout, Bill Luny, who escorted us to Days Gap, on top of the mountain. We had about forty miles, or more to go to get through Winston County to Marion County. We were very tired and when we reached a branch at the foot of a hill we stopped to

rest. Just before that we had met a man, on horse-back, in the road whom Luny knew. Luny drew his pistol and shot him and left him lying there in the road where he had fallen dead when shot. While we were at this branch resting a bit and consulting, a volley was shot in to our party and two of the boys were killed. One of them was a son of widow Carter, and the other was Phillip Sutton. I knew both of them. This created quite a bit of excitement, and about all of the crowd ran off, Bill Luny with the rest. We had two ponies with us, and had our coats and other things piled up on these ponies, but we ran off and left what we had on the ponies. I did not know which way to go, but went up the hill and found Bill Elkins shooting at them with a sixteen shot rifle. He was holding them in check very well. I stopped and shot back at them twice, with my pistol, which was all that I had. I then ran again thinking that it might be best to save my ammunition for closer quarters. I ran on until I was about given out and noticed they were pursuing me, on horses. I was in a long flat hollow where I had no protection, so I just got behind a tree and shot at them and they left off pursuing me. At that time I was run down and was not able to run further, and when I shot at them they did not care to take the chances of coming further. I rested there a while and then proceeded down the hollow until I came to a sort of a bluff. There was a vacant space in the rocks and some of our party had crowded in here for a place of safety. I got them to come out and found there were two white men and a negro. The negro had saved his food and we all ate some of it and went on for some distance to where we met up with some of our party. All we could find to eat was a few roasting ears.

I got sick and it was with much difficulty that I got to old Sammy Spain's. The old lady Spain took me to a bluff, near their home and made me a pallet under a large rock. This made me a comfortable hid-

ing place, and she made it more so by giving me tea, and medicine and doctoring me up. She kept me there until I was able to go to my family, although I was not able to travel for some time, as I had a bad spell. Some of my friends assisted me home but I had no place to go when I got there. They carried me to an old house, where no one lived, and which had no road to it, this was two or three miles from my home. My wife waited on me as well as she could, and I soon began to pick up and get strong again. The chances were bad to get back and I had to wait for an opportunity, and it was some time after I got able to travel before I got the opportunity. I had many adventures while here and escaped being captured or killed many times. Finally I got a Rebel soldier's horse, a good one too, and went through on him. There were several of us in the bunch.

When I got to Decatur I learned that our regiment had left Rome and had gone on the famous march with Gen. Sherman, and there was no chance to get to them. The portion of the regiment that was left was stationed at Huntsville, Alabama, where we were sent a short time afterwards. The surrender of Lee to Grant was made on April 9, 1865 and we waited for the arrival of our command; as they rode through from North Carolina, they were some time getting there. There was great rejoicing, hand-shaking, and shouting when they did come in. Each one had a tale to tell, and all were anxious to hear the details. They had certainly had a tough time and lots of fighting to do.

About that time Vandorn's army marched South from Nashville and passed through Winston County and Marion County, destroying, practically, everything that had been left to subsist on. This caused great numbers to have to refugee. They had to go through the lines in order to get something to eat, my family not excepted. As soon as I heard that they were coming I got a pass and went to Decatur to meet them.

When they came we had to camp in an old house with a lot of other refugees. The river was high and the ponds and lagoons were full of water on the north side of the river so we had to wait for a steamboat to carry us up the river to a landing place. The commander gave orders to occupy any house that I could find vacant. The boat finally came. My wife had brought a pair of oxen to move with and while we were waiting for the boat I bought another pair, from a refugee who who was going North. We loaded these on the boat, but they ordered us to put them on a barge, which we did. Soon after we pulled out in to the river the barge began to sink. My cattle still had their yoke on so I jumped out into the river and after some difficulty succeeded in getting them unyoked. I got them ashore again, then the boatman let us load them on the boat again. When we got above the mouth of the creek they unloaded us on the bank.

When I left home I had two large severe dogs. One of them left when I did but the other one, a large Newfoundland, remained with the family and looked after the children. His name was Sheriff and he came with the family to me. The only thing he ever saw that he was afraid of was a steamboat. The children would ride him and manage him as they pleased. When the steamboat landed we were all ready to go aboard. Sheriff just raved and barked at the boat while it was landing. He caught the children by their clothing and pulled at them to keep them from going on the boat, but when they went on the boat, Sheriff did too.

A man by the name of Bill Davidson, was at Decatur when I got there. He was from Walker County. He had no team and I did not know how he got there as he had a wife, her sister, and his two orphan brothers with him. As he wanted to go across the river with us I let him have one of my teams. A negro, on the shore, wanted to sell me a mule and offered to take twenty

dollars for it. I told him if he would get me an old saddle of some kind, and bring the mule and tie him to a post that I would take him. The old negro did as I directed and I gave him the twenty dollars. When we were landed they had taken our wagons apart and we had a time separating them and putting them together again. We had not gone far when we came to some back water and had to stop again. I left them and went in search of a suitable place to locate. I went across the water on my old mule and a few miles further on I found a large negro quarter. Here I found a very good house, vacant. I went back and moved my family in to the house. Davidson and his family moved in to another one near me.

There was a man there by the name of Free who had a contract to haul wood. I got Davidson and his brother to take my team and go and cut and haul wood. We got a good price for our wood so the teams made all of us a good living. There were large wheat crops all around us and as there were no fences our cattle got all of the wheat they could eat so our feed bill did not cost us anything. The Davidson boys became dissatisfied with living with their brother and wanted to come and live with me, as they said their brother was not good to them. I talked the matter over with Davidson and he said he was not able to feed and clothe them and would be glad if I would take them. This I did. I now had to go to the army as I had not been mustered out and my time belonged to Uncle Sam. I traded my old mule for a young one and while I was away my wife sold it for seventy dollars in gold. I traded for another mule and put one of the boys (Bob) to planting a crop of corn. Work began to get dull at the wood yard, so Davidson went up to Bell Font and hauled wood for eight dollars a cord. This beat me out of my part and Bill Davidson only got his board for his work.

## CHAPTER VII

Soon I was called to Nashville, Tenn. to be mustered out of the service. As soon as I got back I went home to see what the prospect was to go back there and live. I found things in a very bad condition. There was plenty of corn to be had for fifty cents a bushel but it had to be hauled from the prairies of Mississippi. I had saved all of my wages while I was in the army, and the Government owed me a lot. I had saved it all for my family in case I did not get back. In all I had seven hundred dollars, and as my wife had a little money too I thought we would move back home. When I got back to Decatur, the owners of the place we were living on had made application to headquarters and got an order to have all families moved. They hauled all out together and left us camped on the outskirts of Decatur. We were all reported as being a rough set of people that had got in possession with out authority. I just went right to Athens to the commander in charge and took out my discharge and showed it to them. He called the owner in his office and told him that he recognized my right to remain on the premises unless he would pay me for my crop. I told him that I did not want to come back to gather the crop as I would rather go to my own place and if he was disposed to give me a hundred dollars for it he could have it, but if not I would move back on the place. He finally agreed and paid me the hundred dollars in gold.

I went back and went to a sale, where the Government was auctioning off a lot of condemned horses and mules. I bid in some stock very cheap. I then bought in two old cows as I learned there were none where we were going. I got on over as for as Moulton and a man swore to the oxen my wife had bought to move with. They claimed that Van Dorn's men had driven them off. So he took them away from me. Another party had been in our neighborhood and heard of a mule that had been taken from me and they went and got it.

They said they were going to bring it to me. They came to old man George Almon's with the mule and swapped it to him for an old piece of a mule and gave him ten dollars difference. The two of them had ridden the mule until it was almost given out. They brought it to me and said the mule had given out and that they had paid ten dollars difference. I paid them the tendollars they said they had paid out. On the trip out there the mule tried to run in Almon's lot with me. He told me had traded the old mule to a man a short while ago. I spent the night with Almon, and found out that those boys had lied to me. They got ten dollars from Almon and ten dollars from me. The mule they traded Almon was worth two of the one I got.

About the time the men took my oxen from me a man came along and swore to the mule that Almon got from the boys and Almon was going to take the old mule away from me. I went back to Moulton and talked to Henry Speake, a young lawyer of Moulton. He advised me to go to Marion County and get evidence that the mule was mine. I got a house and moved my family in to it and left them there while I went to Marion County to get affidavits that the mule was mine and had been taken from me. When I got back with these, Almon had to release the old mule and we moved on.

When we got back to our old home the buildings were all run down and the fences were burned down. The land had grown up in bushes and every thing looked bad. I took courage and went to work again. I kept a wagon on the road whenever needed, hauling corn to live on. I also bought me some hogs. The roads were full of negroes on starvation looking for something to live on. I took a lot of them in and put them to work, preparing for a crop. They offered to work for their board but I told them that I would pay them six dollars a month and board them. I did not get any except good hands and they sure did work.

I got all of land cleaned up, the fences prepared, and everything in good shape for a crop. It was a close pinch to get through with what money I had, to meet the crop we put in. We had nothing to eat except bread, corn bread at that, and buttermilk and some times not enough milk. We went barefooted and made our clothing do. Then there was not a thing to be bought in that whole community. We all lived very much alike. My bees, cattle, hogs, and all were gone. All that I had was my stumped tail dog Sheriff, a one and one quarter auger that had been loaned out, and a bull that had strayed off to Buck West's. West had taken care of him and reported him to me when I came back.

I will now go back and tell some things that I remember. When the Reb Cavalry came through under the command of Van Dorn they cleaned up the country. At the same time that my family left, old man Roberts' family left too. The only way they had to go was on foot. Mary, the girl that was living with my wife, went with her mother. They were shipped to Clarksville, Tennessee, and put in refugee camp. There they all died except Mary and her sister just younger than Mary. By some means she found out where my wife was and she and her sister came to us. She went back with me when I went back to our old place and when I was mustered out of service and we moved back, Mary went with us and lived with us still. We made a fine crop the first year and had plenty of every thing to eat that could be grown.

About this time my wife was taken sick and died. That was the worst trouble that I ever had in my life. It seemed that I had got to the end of my row. Four little children left with out a mother and one of them only an infant a few days old. I did not have a relative nearer than three hundred miles. I could see no chance for me and wrote my mother, the dearest friend I ever had. She wrote me to come at once and she



would do everything that she could possibly do. That she would take of the children with all possible care, and that it would be the greatest pleasure of her life to do so. That letter was a great relief to me but all that I had was here. I had no money and she was poor as her husband had wasted everything that she had, before he died. Besides she was too old for me to impose on by taking my crowd of helpless children to, so I did not try to go.

Everything went on smoothly for a while, the meals came regularly and everything seemed to be going on all right. The orphan boys seemed to be enjoying themselves. So did the negroes. I noticed that Mary seemed to be unhappy, especially at times when her sister, who lived a few miles away, would come to visit her. Her sister came often and often Mary would not come to the table for her meals after that. I asked Mary frequently what the trouble was, but I could not get her to tell me anything. One day I told her she just had to tell me her trouble as I thought some one was imposing on her. She told me that all were good to her and treated her kindly. She said she had been told that she would be talked about living there with only men folks and negroes, and that her character was all that she had. She said that my wife was the best friend that she had ever had on earth and that she had promised her on her death bed that she would stay there and take care of the children. Under the circumstances she did not know what to do. I told her to do as she thought best, that she felt to me as one of the family and that I would treat her as one of the children. I told her that the ones who were trying to get her away from me were not my friends nor hers and that they wanted her for a slave. I said that it would seem like giving up one of the family, but for her to do as she pleased. She told me that she would stay on as she felt it a duty and an obligation. The next time her sister came she had a talk with her

and after she had found out that she had failed in her purpose, she broke down. I told her if she could not come there without bothering my concerns she had best get out from there and stay out. She left and that was the last of it.

Everything went on as well as could be wished for, except the little baby died. It died one night when no one knew it, we did not even know it was sick. It was sleeping with Mary at the time. Time passed and Mary was so good to the children and was so devoted to them and they were to her and she was looking after everything so nicely that I fell in love with her and we married. My mother had written to me repeatedly and always advised me not to marry any one on any condition. She said that she could not bear the thought of those little children having a step-mother. You can see that I did not know what to do. I had never disobeyed her, but I thought if she knew Mary as well as I did she would be reconciled. So I left home one morning and went to Pikeville and told Judge Terrel that I wanted a marriage license. I came back by G. M. Haley's and told him that I wanted him to come to my house the next day on particular business. He came the next morning and all were at work except Mary and the children. I handed him the license and he preformed the ceremony that made us man and wife. I told him to say nothing about it and it was a long time before my mother found it out. After many years she visited us and became acquainted with Mary. She then said to me, "John, you did not make any mistake when you married Mary."

When the Civil War was over and every body had made a crop and had something to subsist on, and even before that, society was very much like it was during the World War. It looked as if many of the women had gone wild about the few soldiers who were left. I regret that I got off into wickedness that causes me to shudder when I think of it. I feel at times that I

was a disgrace to society and contrary to my early training. I had passed through the war without being tempted with evil associates and had no respect for that class. Then to think that I would then fall after being spared and preserved by a higher power to come out safe and sound to my loved ones again at home. It was too bad to even think of if one could help it.

However, it seemed as if Providence smiled on us. We had bountiful crops from year to year, good markets, and high prices for all we made. My responsibility increased all of the time, the children were growing up uneducated, the family was increasing, our clothing was short, no house to live in that was even comfortable, and no furniture nor furnishings to fix things so as to be comfortable and happy at home. All of these things were needed and it took money to buy them. So I started out anew to try to accomplish something. As soon as I could get some capital to operate on went into any kind of work that I could get a start in the world. Through sheer necessity I had to work my little girls out at most any work there was to do. My mares brought colts, my cows brought calves, my sows brought pigs and my ewes brought lambs. Pretty soon we had lots of stock.

Just after the war the mails were all to reestablish and many made fortunes carrying the United States mail. I got in that business too late to make a fortune, but not too late to make some good needed money, while at it to furnish a lot of unemployed men with work. I had from my early experience learned how to do all sorts of work on the farm, as well as other kinds of work. I learned how to control labor when young. I could grub, split rails, cut cord wood, burn charcoal, work in copper mines, dig wells and clean them out. This last work I did a great deal of while waiting for other employment such as pulling fodder, saving hay, etc. I had learned something about trading in horses as well as trading in general. I used

this to a good advantage and before long I was where I could clothe and feed my children decently. I sent them to school, a fact of which I am proud. Up to this time I had never shunned hard labor and I never did.

My life has been a life of sorrows and troubles, the older I get the worse it seems. My happiest days were when I was young. I can look back and feel happy at the thought of my blessed, little innocent, lovely children. I did not think or even dream of the trouble they were going to bring on me, in my old days, when my body and mind had given way until I could not stand trouble as I could have done in past days.

My daughter Susan died in 1902 and left three children, without means, which we have reared. My mother died at my home in 1882. Our dear boy, John, died in 1902. I have had many trials and hardships to endure during this life, but the good Lord has blessed me and preserved and allowed me to remain on this earth to the advanced age that I have now reached, for some purpose unknown to me.

## CHAPTER VII.

In the year 1858 there were only a few settlers in the hill counties south of the Tennessee River. The country was inhabited mostly by wild animals and birds; such as, wild turkeys and lesser birds. Deer were plentiful, while some bear, a good many wolves, foxes, cats and catamounts were in evidence. The people were poor and a great many of them were only half civilized. There were practically no roads, no schools and but few churches.

The land belonged to the U. S. Government, and only cost the settlers twelve and one half cents an acre. Despite the cheapness of land very few people owned their home, as they preferred to build on Government lands as they would then not have to pay taxes; and they had no idea that the land would ever be taken up. These conditions existed mostly from the line of Mississippi on to the east line of Georgia; and from the mountains south of the Tennessee River to the coal and iron fields in and around the city of Birmingham and even south of there. There being no Rail Road south of the M. & O. Rail Road in this state, and very few public roads, the population was sparse. Even where the city of Birmingham now is was only settled to a small extent, it was nothing like a town, there was not even a postoffice nearer than Elyton.

The people in these mountains lived mostly on game through the fall and winter; and in the spring and summer they subsisted mostly on milk. Many of the old settlers, at that time, would use dried venison in lieu of bread. The greater part of them only had small patches of cleared land and would only plant some small patches of corn and a few potatoes. A very small per cent of them would raise enough to subsist on.

When the people from Georgia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and other parts began to move in and take up and improve the land. Many of the old settlers

failed to enter their lands until the most valuable portions were taken up and settled by the new comers. They then had to take up and settle some of the poorest and most undesirable places or move to other parts, which many of them did. The class of people who moved in would, as a rule, build better houses, work out and open roads, build churches, pay taxes and build up the country. This caused the game to become wild and scarce. Too, it caused the old settlers to have to work roads, pay taxes, and do a lot of things they were not accustomed to doing, so they went to other parts, not all, but a good portion of them did.

Not many of these old settlers, especially in Winston County, kept a horse, but almost all of them would keep cattle, as they could get them through the winter on the range, without food. When the grass would start up in the spring they could take up an ox and plow their little patches with him and then turn him out on the range, after putting a bell on him so they could find them when he was needed. They generally had a small cart or wagon to do their hauling and to make a trip to the Rail Road when they wanted to. They needed it to haul off their venison, deer skins, etc., and to bring back their whiskey and necessities. I have seen as many as three men and four or five dogs along with a small pair of oxen and a little cart on their way to market.

The first Rail Road that was ever built in Alabama was built from deep water, on the Tennessee River, at or near Tuscumbia, around above the Muscle Shoals, to Decatur. This was to accomodate the river traffic. During the high water, boats could run from the Ohio River, over the Colbert Shoals on the Tennessee River to Tuscumbia; and a line of small boats could run from Decatur up the Tennessee River to Knoxville, Tennessee. Thus the importance of this Rail Road line of about forty miles to connect the river traffic, which was all we had at that time. I think that Gen. J. B.

Rather possibly built or helped to build this line, as he told the writer about the operation of this line. They used what was then called spring timber to lay the rails on, instead of cross ties as the latter had not been in use up to this time. Gen. Rather, who operated this road and helped construct it, told the writer that it was a common thing to run off of the track ten or fifteen times, in making the trip to Decatur and back, from Tuscumbia. This road was for the purpose of transporting the river traffic around Muscle Shoals.

Sometime in the seventies Henry Habbler, a German, came in from the North and bought a lot of land, near where the boats landed on the Tennessee River, which was at that time called Tuscumbia landing and where the city of Sheffield now is. Here he erected a cotton factory to make cotton yarn from seed cotton. He started his mill and made a good quality of yarn. He soon found that he could not operate successfully, on account of getting seed cotton to supply his demands. The facts were, he could not get storage room for enough seed cotton to supply his demands for the season, and too, he was not in shape to finance the cost of buying the seed cotton while on the market, to supply his wants in order to keep his mill going through the season. So on account of these and other conditions he was forced to abandon the enterprise, which was a great loss to him. However, along in the eighties, I do not remember the exact date, an English syndicate, backed by a lot of capitalists (mostly from the South) undertook the building of a Rail Road from the Tennessee River to Birmingham. They bought out Mr. Habbler's interest in the land where he had built his mill, and they then started the city of Sheffield. They proposed to build iron furnaces and start up various plants.

They advertised long and extensively and when the time came, men with money, mostly from parts of the South, North and East were there with their money

to make investments. On the night before the sale a crew of men worked all night to finish laying the rails from the M. & O. Rail Road to the old cotton field, which was to be Sheffield. On the morning of the commencement of the sale, when the train pulled in the prospectors were ready, waiting and anxious to buy and wanted the sale to start. In the mean time Mr. Habbler, the former owner, had erected a hotel to help entertain the host of attendants. There was also a bank opened up in the old cotton field in order to close up the transactions each day.

The first day of the sale the lots brought huge prices, much more than any one expected, and the sales were large. Many anxious buyers held back until the second day hoping to buy cheaper; but the lots sold much higher than on the previous day. They continued to advance in price until the close of the sale. Many of the buyers on the first day of the sale would sell out their purchases at enormous profits on the next day. The crowds would increase from day to day and continued to do so during the sale. A great many of the investors started in building on and improving their holdings. Many residences, stores, hotels and bank buildings were erected. Iron furnaces were started and it seemed as if they would build a large city at once.

(In writing up these thoughts I have been hindered so much from one cause and another at so many different times, frequently would sit down and write and some one would call me away and I might be a week getting back to my work again. I had likely gotten off of the subject and on something else, or left off before finishing, and something may have been repeated. I do not know as my eyesight will not permit me to undertake a review).



I was about fifty years in the mercantile business but kept my farming interests going all the time. I was engaged in the cotton manufacturing business for some years. I was a railroad contractor for something over three years and spent some four winters in Southern Texas, farming, building and speculating in land, stock, etc. I traveled in the East while engaged in the cotton business. A detail of all of this would be tedious to get up and uninteresting to anyone. Suffice it to say these matters combined have kept me too busy and too much on hand to get drunk and while away my time in idleness and unusefulness. I have always had something to do, and never have been able to catch up with my work.



















